The Saturday Evening Post.

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THE BOATMAN.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY KATHERINE KINGSTON FILER.

Up and off in the waters blue,
The white-sailed scallop lightly flew;
And over the cliffs and far away
The lowering clouds loomed dark and gray.
  Ah, boatman, dreaming in thy yacht
Of home and wife and little one,
  Till present things are all forgot!

Up and down in the waters dark,
There leaped and glanced a boatman's bark,
And under the waves and far away,
One well-beloved of woman lay;
  One well-beloved of mother and child,
Who watched in the light-house on the cliff
  Through long hours of the midnight wild.

Up and down in the waters green
With floating weed, gold gleams were seen.
The tide came in so slow, so slow,
While many watched the surf in-flow.
  The tide went out across the sand,
And left one lying white and still
  In death-like languor on the strand.

STRONGHAND;

A ROMANCE OF THE PRAIRIES.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD,

AUTHOR OF "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH," ETC., ETC.

THE DEPARTURE OF DONA MARIANNA.

CHAPTER XIX.

LOST.

They sat down to table; but the meal, in spite of Dona Marianna's efforts to enliven it, suffered from the anxiety which two of the party felt, and tried in vain to conceal. The tigrero was vexed with his foster-sister for not letting him accompany her, for he had not liked to express his fears, lest the young lady on her return to the hacienda might meet the ferocious animals he had been pursuing for some days past, without being able to shoot them. However he did not try to bring the conversation back to the subject, but resolved to follow her at a distance, in order to come to her aid if circumstances required it.

As always happens under such circumstances, Dona Marianna, seeing that no one referred again to the jaguars, was the first to talk about them, asking her foster-brother the details of their appearance in the country, and the mischief they had done, in what way he meant to surprise them, and a multitude of other questions; to which the young man replied most politely, but limiting himself to brief answers, and without launching into details, which are generally so agreeable to a hunter. The tigrero displayed such laconism in the information he gave the young lady, that the latter, vexed in spite of herself at seeing him so cold upon a subject to which he had seemed to attach such importance a few moments before, began jeering him, and ended by saying, with a mocking look, that she was convinced he had only said what he did to frighten her, and that the jaguars had only existed in his imagination. Marianno gayly endured the raillery, confessed that he had perhaps displayed more anxiety than the affair deserved, and taking down a tamborine that hung on the wall, he began strumming a fandango with the back of his hand, in order to turn the conversation.

Several hours passed in laughing, talking, and singing. When the moment for departure at length arrived, Marianno went to the corral to fetch the young lady's horse, saddled it with the utmost care, and led it to the door of the rancho, after saddling his own horse, so that he might start as soon as Dona Marianna was out of sight of the rancho.

"You remained a long time in the corral, brother," she said with a laugh; "pray, have you discovered any suspicious sign?"

"No, Nina; but as I am also going to leave the rancho, after saddling your horse, I saddled mine."

"Of course you are going to hunt your strange jaguars again?"

"Oh, of course," he answered.

"Well," she said, with feigned terror, "if you do meet them, pray do not miss them."

"I will do all in my power to avoid that, because I desire to make you a present of their skins, in order to prove to you that they really existed."

"I thank you for your gallantry, sir," she replied with a laugh; "but you know the proverb—'a hunter must not sell the skin of a jaguar, before—'"

"Well, well, we shall soon know who is right, and who wrong," he interrupted her.

The maiden, still laughing, embraced the ranchero and his wife, lightly bounded into the saddle, and bending down gracefully offered her hand to Marianno.

"We part friends, brother," she said to him. "Are you coming my way?"

"I ought to do so."

"Then why not accompany me?"

"Because you would suppose, Nina, that I wished to escort you."

"Ha! ha! ha!" the young lady said, merrily; "I had forgotten your proposal of this morning. Well, I hope you will be successful in your hunt; and so, good-by till to-morrow. Come, Negre."

After uttering these words, she gave a parting wave of the hand to her nurse, and started at a gallop. The young man, after watching her for a while, to be certain of the road she followed, then re-entered the rancho, took his gun, and loaded it with all the care which hunters display in this operation, when they believe that life depends on the accuracy of their aim.

"Are you really about to start at once?" his mother asked him, anxiously.

"At once, mother."

"Where are you going?"

"To follow my foster-sister to the hacienda, without her seeing me."

"That is a good idea. Do you fear any danger for her?"

"Not the slightest. But it is a long distance from here to the hacienda; the Indians are moving, it is said. We are no great distance from the border, and, as no one can foresee the future, I do not wish my sister to be exposed to any chance encounter."

"Excellently reasoned, my son. The child is wrong in thus crossing the forest alone."

"Poor girl!" the ranchero said; "an accident happens so easily; lose no time, Marianno, but be off. On reflection, I think you ought to have insisted on accompanying her."

"You know, father, she would not have consented."

"That is true; it is better that it should be as it is, for she will be protected without knowing it. The first time I see Don Ruiz, I will recommend him not to let his sister go out thus alone, for times are not good."

But the young man was no longer listening to his father: so soon as his gun was loaded, he left the rancho, followed by his dog. Two minutes later he was in the saddle, and riding at full speed in the direction taken by Dona Marianna.

So soon as the young lady found herself at a sufficient distance from the rancho, she had checked her horse's pace, which was now proceeding at an amble. It was about five in the afternoon; the evening breeze was rising, and gently waving the tufted crests of the trees; the sun, now almost level with the ground, only appeared on the horizon in the shape of a reddish globe; the atmosphere, refreshed by the breeze, was perfumed by the gentle emanations from the flowers and herbs; the birds, aroused from the heavy lethargy produced by the heat, were singing beneath all the branches, and filling the air with their joyous songs.

Dona Marianna, whose mind was impressionable, and open to all sensations, gently yielded to the impressions of this scene, which was so full of ineffable harmony, and gradually forgetting where she was and surrounding objects, had fallen into a voluptuous reverie. What was she meditating? She certainly could not have said; she was yielding unconsciously to the influence of this lovely evening, and travelling into that glorious country of fancy of which life is but too often the nightmare. Dona Marianna was too young, too simple, and too pure yet to possess any memory either sad or sweet; her life had hitherto been an uninterrupted succession of sunshiny days; but she was a woman, and listened for the beatings of her heart, which she was surprised at not hearing. With that curiosity which is innate in her sex, the maiden tried with a timid hand to raise a corner of the veil that covered the future, and to divine mysteries which are incomprehensible, so long as love has not revealed them by sufferings, joy or grief.

Dona Marianna had rather a long ride through the forest before reaching the plain; but she had so often ridden the road at all hours of the day, she was so thoroughly persuaded that no danger menaced her, that she let the bridle hang on her horse's neck, while she plunged deeper and deeper into the delicious reverie which had seized on her. In the meanwhile, the shades grew deeper: the birds had concealed themselves in the foliage, and ceased their songs; the sun had disappeared, and the hot red beams it had left on the horizon were beginning to die out; the wind blew with greater force through the branches, which uttered long murmurs; the sky was assuming deeper tints, and night was rapidly approaching. Already the shrill cries of the coyotes rose in the unexplored depths of the forest; hoarse yells disturbed the silence, and announced the awakening of the savage denizens of the forest.

At at once a long, startling, strident howl, bearing some resemblance to the miauling of a cat, burst through the air, and fell on the maiden's ear with an ill-omened echo. Suddenly startled from her reverie, Donna Marianna looked up, and took an anxious glance around her. A slight shudder of fear passed over her body, for her horse, so long left to its own devices, had left the beaten track, and the maiden found herself in a part of the forest unknown to her—she had lost her way. A person lost in a Mexican forest is dead!

These forests are generally entirely composed of trees of the same family, which render it impossible to guide one's self, unless gifted with that miraculous intuition which the Indians and hunters possess, and which enables them to march with certainty in the most inextricable labyrinths. Wherever the eye may turn, it only perceives immense arcades of verdure, in finitely prolonged, wearying the eye by their desperate monotony, and only crossed at intervals by the tracks of wild beasts, which are mixed strangely together, and eventually lead to unknown watering-places, nameless streams, that run silently and gloomily beneath the covert, and whose windings cannot possibly be followed.

The spot where the maiden was, was one of the most deserted in the forest; the trees, of prodigious height and size, grew closely together, and were connected by a network of lianas, which, growing in every direction, formed an impassable wall; from the end of the branches hung, in long festoons to the ground, that grayish moss known as Spanish beard, while the tall straight grass that everywhere covered the ground, showed that human foot had not trodden the soil here for a lengthened period. The maiden felt an invincible terror seize upon her. Night had almost completely set in; then the stories her foster-brother had told her in the morning about the jaguars returned to her mind in a flood, and were rendered more terrible by the darkness that surrounded her, and the mournful howling that burst forth on all sides. She shuddered, and turned pale as death at the thought of the fearful danger to which she had so imprudently exposed herself.

Then, collecting all her strength for a last appeal, she uttered a cry; but her voice died out without raising an echo. She was alone—lost in the desert by night. What could she do? What would become of her?

The maiden tried to find the route by which she had come, but the road which followed haphazard through the herbage no longer existed; the grass trodden by the horse's hoof had sprung up again behind it. Moreover, the night was so dark that Dona Marianna could not see four paces ahead of her; and she soon found that her efforts to find the road would only result in leading her further astray. Under such circumstances, a man would have been in a comparatively far less dangerous position. He could have lit a fire to combat the night chill, and keep the wild beasts at bay; in the event of an attack, his weapons would have allowed him to defend himself: but Dona Marianna had not the means to light a fire; she had no weapons, and had she possessed them, she would not have known how to use them. She was forced to remain motionless at the spot where she was for the whole night, at the hazard of dying of cold or terror.

This position was frightful. How she now regretted her imprudent confidence, which was the cause of what was now occurring! But it was too late; neither complaints nor recrimination might avail. She must yield to her fate. With energetic natures, however little accustomed they may be to peril, when that peril proves inevitable, and they recognize that nothing can protect them from it, a reaction takes place; their thoughts become clearer, their courage grows with their will, and they accept, with a proud and resolute resignation, all the consequences of the danger they are compelled to confront, however terrible it may be. This was what happened to the maiden when she perceived that she was really lost. A profound despair at first seized upon her—for a moment the weakness natural to her sex gained the upper hand, and she fell sobbing on the ground; but gradually the reaction set in, and, pious as all Spanish women are, she clasped her hands, and addressed a fervent and touching prayer to God, who was her last hope.

It has been justly said that prayer not only consoles, but strengthens and restores hope. Prayer, with those who sincerely believe, is the expression of the real feelings of the soul; only those who have looked death in the face, either on the battle-field or during a storm at sea, will understand the sublimity of prayer—the last appeal of the weak victim to the omnipotent intelligence which can alone save him. Dona Marianna prayed, and then rose calmer, and, above all, stronger. She had placed herself in the hands of Deity, and, in her simple faith, was convinced that He would not abandon her.

Her horse, whose bridle she had not let loose, was standing motionless by her side. The maiden gently patted the noble animal, the only friend left to her; then, by a sudden inspiration, she began unfastening the girths, tearing her little hands without knowing it, and lacerating her fingers with the iron tongues of the buckles.

"Poor Negro," she said, in a soft voice, as she removed the trappings, "you must not be the victim of my imprudence; resume your liberty; for the noble instinct with which your Creator has endowed you will perhaps enable you to find your road. Go, my poor Negro; you are now free."

The animal gave a whimseying of delight, made a prodigious leap, and disappeared in the darkness. Dona Marianna was alone—really alone, now.

CHAPTER XX.

STRONGHAND.

It is impossible to imagine what terrors night brings with it under its thick mantle of mist, when the earth is no longer warmed by the sparkling sunbeams, and darkness reigns as supreme lord. At that time everything changes its aspects, and assumes in the flickering rays of the moon a fantastic appearance; the mountains seem loftier, the rivers wider and deeper; the trees resemble spectres—gloomy denizens of the tomb, watching for you to pass, and ready to clutch you in their fleshless arms. The imagination becomes heated, ideas grow confused, you tremble at the fall of a leaf, at the moaning of the night breeze, at the breakage of a branch; and, suffering from a horrible nightmare, you fancy at every moment that your last hour is at hand.

In these Mexican forests, night has mysteries still more terrible. Beneath these immense domes of verdure, which the sun is powerless to pierce even at mid-day, and which remain constantly buried in an undecided clear obscure, the darkness may, so to speak, be felt; nothing could produce a flash in this chaos, excepting, perhaps, the luminous eyeballs of the wild beasts, that dart electric sparks from the thickets. Here Night is truly the mistress; the darkness is peopled by the sinister denizens of the forest, whom the obscurity drives from their unknown hiding-places, and who begin their mournful prowling in search of prey. From each clump, from each ravine, issue confused sounds that have no name in human language; some clear and sharp, others hoarse and low, and others, again resembling miauling, or sardonic laughter, are blended in horrible concert. Then come the heavy footfalls on the ground, and the sullen flapping of birds' wings, as well as that incessant indistinct murmur, which is nought else but the continual buzz of the infinitely little, mingled with the hollow moan always heard in the desert, and which is only the breath of Nature travailing with her incomprehensible secrets. A night passed in the forest, without fire or weapons, is a terrible thing for a man; but the situation becomes far more frightful for a woman—a girl—a frail and delicate creature, accustomed to all the comforts of life, and unable to find within herself those thousand resources which a strong man, habituated to struggle, manages to procure, even in the most desperate situations.

Without dwelling further on the subject, the reader can imagine without difficulty the painful situation in which Dona Marianna found herself. So long as she could hear the sound of her horse's hoofs, as it fled at full speed, she stood with her body bent forward and attaching herself to life, and, perchance, to hope, through the sound which was so familiar to her; but when it had died out in the distance, when a leaden silence once again weighed on her, the maiden shuddered, and, folding her hand on her chest, sank in a half-fainting condition at the foot of a tree—no longer thinking or hoping, but awaiting death. For what succor could she expect in the tomb of verdure, which, though so spacious, was not the less secure?

How long did she remain plunged in this state of prostration, which was only an anticipated death—one hour or five minutes? She could not have said. For wretched people, whom everything, even hope, abandons, time seems to stand still—minutes become ages, and an hour seems as if it would never end. All at once a feeble, almost indistinguishable sound smote her ear, and she instinctively listened. This sound grew louder with every second, and ere long she could not be mistaken; it was a rapid mad gallop through the forest. This sound Dona Marianna recognized with terror; for it was produced by the return of her horse. For the noble animal to come back with such velocity, it must be pursued, and that closely, by ferocious animals, such was Dona Marianna's idea, and, unfortunately, she only too soon recognized its correctness. The horse gave a snort of terror, which was immediately answered by two loud, sharp growls. Then, as if dreaming, Dona Marianna heard prodigious leaps; she saw ill-omened shadows pass before her with the rapidity of a lightning flash, and then a fearful struggle, in which groans of agony were mingled with yells of delight.

However terrible the maiden's position might be she felt tears slowly course down her cheeks—her horse, her last comrade, had succumbed—the liberty she had granted it had only precipitated its destruction. Strange to say, though, at this supreme moment Dona Marianna did not think for an instant that the death of her horse probably only preceded her own by a brief space, and that it was a sinister warning to her to prepare for being devoured.

When terror has attained a certain degree, a strange effect is produced upon the individual; animal life still exists in the sense that the arteries pulsate, the heart palpitates; but intellectual life is completely suspended; the brain, struck by a temporary paralysis, no longer receives the thought; the eyes look without seeing; the voice itself cannot force its way through the contracted throat; in a word, terror produces a partial catalepsy, by destroying for a period, longer or shorter, all the noblest faculties of man. Dona Marianna had reached such a point that, even had she possessed the means of flight, she would have been incapable of employing them, so thoroughly was every feeling extinct in her—even the instinct of self-preservation, which usually remains when all the others are destroyed.

Fortunately for the girl, the jaguars—for there were several of them—were to leeward; moreover, they had tasted blood, and this was a double reason which temporarily saved her, by depriving their scent of nearly all its delicacy. No other sound was audible, save that produced by the crushing of the horse's bones, which the wild beasts were devouring, mingled with growls of anger, when one of the banqueters tried to encroach on its neighbor's share of the booty. There could be no doubt about the fact; the animals enjoying this horrible repast were the jaguars, so long hunted by the tigrero, and which her evil star had brought across the maiden's track.

By degrees, Dona Marianna became—not familiarized with the danger hanging over her head, for that would have been impossible; but as, according to the law of nature, anything that reaches its culminating point must begin to descend, her first terror, though it did not abandon her, produced a strange phenomenon. She felt involuntarily attracted towards these horrible animals, whose black outlines she could distinguish moving in the darkness; suffering from a species of vertigo, with her body bent forward, and her eyes immoderately dilated, without even accounting for the strange feeling that urged her to act thus, she kept her eyes eagerly fixed upon them, following with a febrile interest their slightest movements, and experiencing at the sight a feeling of inexplicable pleasure, which produced a mingled shudder of joy and pain. Let who will try to explain this singular anomaly of human nature; but the fact is certain, and among our readers many will, doubtless, bear witness to its truth.

All at once the jaguars, which had hitherto been greedily engaged with the corpse of the horse, without thinking of anything beyond making a hearty meal, raised their heads and began sniffing savagely. Dona Marianna saw their eyes, sparkling like live coals, fixed upon her; she understood that she was lost; instinctively she closed her eyes to escape the fascination of those metallic eyeballs, which seemed in the darkness to emit electric sparks, and prepared to die. Still the jaguars did not stir; they were crouching on the remains of the horse, and, while continuing to gaze at the maiden, gracefully passed their paws over their ears with a purr of pleasure—in a word, they were coquettishly performing their toilet, appearing not only most pleased with the meal they had just ended, but with that which was awaiting them.

Still, in spite of the calmness affected by the two animals—for the cubs were sleeping, rolled up like kittens—it was evident that for some unknown motive they were restless; they lashed the ground with their weighty tails, or laid back their ears with a roar of anger, and, turning their heads in all directions, sniffed the air. They scented a danger; but of what nature was it? As for Dona Marianna, they appeared so sure of seizing her whenever they thought proper, and saw how harmless she was, that they contented themselves with crouching before her, and did not deign to advance a step. All at once the male, without stirring, uttered a sharp, quick yell. The female rose, bounded forward, seized one of her cubs in her mouth, and with one backward leap disappeared in a thicket; almost immediately she reappeared, and removed the second in the same way; then she returned calmly and boldly to place herself by the side of the male, whose anxiety had now attained formidable proportions.

At the same instant a flash traversed the air—a shot echoed far and wide—and the male jaguar writhed on the ground with a roar of agony. Almost immediately a man dashed from the tree at the foot of which Dona Marianna was crouching, stood in front of her, and received the shock of the female, which, at the shot, had instinctively bounded forward. The man tottered, but for all that kept his feet: there was a frightful struggle for a few minutes, and then the jaguar fell back with a last and fearful yell.

"Come," the hunter said, as he wiped on the grass the long machete with which he had stabbed the beast, "my arrangements were well made, but I fancy that I arrived only just in time. Now for the cubs; for I must not show mercy to any member of this horrible family."

Then this man, who seemed to possess the faculty of seeing in the darkness, walked without hesitation towards the spot where the female had hidden her cubs. He resolutely entered the thicket, and came out again almost immediately, holding a cub in either hand. He smashed their heads against the trunk of a tree, and threw the bodies on those of their father and mother.

"That is a very tidy butchery," he said; "but what on earth is Don Hernando's tigrero about, that I am obliged to do his work?"

While saying this, the hunter had collected all the dry wood within reach, struck a light, and within a few minutes a bright flame rose skywards. This duly accomplished, the stranger hurried to the assistance of Dona Marianna, who had fainted.

"Poor girl!" he muttered, with an accent of gentle pity, as he lifted her in his arms, and carried her to the fire; "how is it that the fright has not killed her?"

He gently laid her on some firs he had arranged for her bed, and gazed at her for a moment with a look of delight impossible to describe. But then he felt considerably embarrassed. Accustomed to the hardships of a desert life, and a skillful hunter as he had proved himself, this man was naturally a very poor sick-nurse. He knew how, at a pinch, to dress a wound or extract a bullet, but he was quite ignorant how to bring a fainting woman round.

"Still, I cannot leave her in this state, poor girl," gazing on her sorrowfully; "but what am I to do?—how can I relieve her?"

At length he knelt down by the young lady's side, gently raised her lovely head, which he laid on his knee, and, opening with his dagger-point her closed lips, poured in a few drops of Catalonian refino contained in a gourd. The effect of this remedy was instantaneous. A nervous tremor passed over the maiden's body; she heaved a sigh, and opened her lips. At the first moment she looked around her wildly, but ideas seemed gradually to return to her brain; her contracted features grew brighter, and fixing her eyes on the hunter, who was still bending over her, she muttered, with an expression of gratitude which made the young man's heart beat, "Stronghand!"

"Have you recognized me, senorita!" he exclaimed, with joyous surprise.

"Are you not my Providence?" she answered. "Do you not always arrive when I have to be saved from some fearful danger?"

"Oh, senorita!" he murmured, in great embarrassment.

"Thanks! thanks, my saviour!" she continued, seizing his hand, and pressing it to her heart; "thanks for having come to my help, Stronghand, for this time again. I should have been lost without you."

"I really believe," he said, with a smile, "that I arrived just in time."

"But how is it that you came so opportunely!" she asked, curiously, as she sat up and wrapped herself in the furs, for the feminine instinct had regained its power over her.

At this question, simple though it was, the hunter turned red.

"Oh," he said, it is very simple. I have been hunting in these parts for some days past. I had tracked this family of jaguars, which I obstinately determined to kill, I know not why; but now I understand that it was a presentiment. After pursuing them all day, I had lost them out of sight, and was seeking their trail, when your horse enabled me to recover it."

"What!—my horse!" she exclaimed, in amazement.

"Do you not remember that it was I who gave you this poor Negro on our first meeting?"

"That is true," she murmured, as she let her eyes fall beneath the hunter's ardent glance.

"I saw you for a moment this morning when you were going to Sanchez' rancho."

"Ah!" she remarked.

"Sanchez is a friend of mine," he continued as if to explain his remark.

"Go on."

"On seeing the horse, which I at once recognized, I feared that some accident had happened to you, and set out after it. But the jaguars had scented it at the same time, and in spite of my thorough acquaintance with this forest, it was impossible for me to run as fast as they did. Luckily, they were hungry, and amused themselves by devouring poor Negro; otherwise I should not have arrived in time."

"But how was it that you came by this strange road?"

"In the first place, I was bound to save your life, as I knew that if I killed one jaguar, the other would leap upon you, in order to avenge it."

"But you ran the risk of being torn in pieces by the horrible animals," she said, with a shudder of retrospective terror, as she thought of the frightful dangers from which she had been so miraculously preserved.

"That is possible," he said, with an unmistakable expression of joy; but I should have died to save you—and I desired nothing else."

The maiden made no reply. Pensive and blushing, she bowed her head on her chest. The hunter thought that he had offended her, and also remained silent and constrained. This silence lasted several minutes. At length Dona Marianna raised her head and offered her hand to the young man.

"Thank you again!" she said, with a gentle smile. "Your heart is good. You did not hesitate to sacrifice your life for me, whom you scarce know, and I shall feel eternally grateful to you."

"I am too amply repaid for my services by these words, senorita," he replied, with marked hesitation; "still I have a favor to ask you, and I should be pleased if you would deign to grant it."

"Oh, speak, speak! tell me what I can do!"

"I know not how to explain it; my request will appear to you so strange, so singular—perhaps so indiscreet."

"Speak; for I feel convinced that the favor you pretend to ask of me is merely another service you wish to render me."

Stronghand bent a searching glance on the maiden, and then seemed to make up his mind.

"Well, senorita," he said, "it is this:—should you ever, for any reason neither you nor I can foresee, need advice, or the help of a friend, either for yourself or any member of your family, do nothing till you have seen me, and explained to me unreservedly the motives that impelled you to come to me."

Dona Marianna reflected, while the hunter gazed at her attentively.

"Be it so," she at length said; "I promise to act as you wish. But how am I to find you?"

"Your foster-brother is my friend, senorita; you will request him to lead you to me, and he will do so; or, if you prefer it, you can warn me through him to proceed to any place you may point out."

"Agreed."

"I can count on your promise?"

"Have I not passed my word?"

All at once a loud noise, resembling the passage of a wild beast, was heard in the forest glade; the maiden started, and instinctively clung to the hunter.

"Fear nothing, senorita," the latter said; "do you not recognize a friend?"

At the same moment the tigrero's dog leaped up to fondle her, followed almost instantaneously by Marianno.

"Heaven be blessed!" he said, joyfully, "she is saved," and pressing the hunter's hand cordially, he added, "Thanks; it is a service I owe you, brother."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The needlewoman's exclamation—Ahem.

☞ Philadelphia contains more houses than New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City combined.

☞ Lately two countrymen rejoicing in the name of Campbell met, and one said to the other, "Weel, Sandie, hae ye heard the news?" "I dinna ken, what is't?" "Did ye no hear that the Queen's doohter's is gaun to be married?" "Indeed I didna," says Sandie, "an' wha may she be gettin'?" "Ah, she's gaun to be married tae a son o' the great Macallum More." "Aye, man, dae ye say sae?" said Sandie, "an' winna she be a proud woman the day she's married to a Campbell?"

☞ An advertisement of cod liver oil winds up:—"Patients who have once taken it, can take no other." A candid confession.

☞ In London, workmen are carried on the railroads ten miles once a day each way for a week for twenty-five cents.

☞ Let us, if we must have great actions, make our own so.—*R. W. Emerson.*

☞ A colored barber in Iowa, being summoned to serve as a juror, was on the usual examination, asked "are you a voter?" and brought down the house by answering, "I'se black enough, but not old enough."

☞ A SHREWD DODGE INTERCEPTED.—A box marked "F. C. Cross, Newton Corner, Massachusetts," was left at Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express office in Denver, Colorado, on Monday night, to go East by the Kansas Pacific train. Suspicion having been excited, the box was opened, and Cross himself was found inside of it, with a pistol and burglars' tools. The box was also found to have a trap-door. Cross is a young man, and had resided in Denver for some time. He is now in jail.

☞ Sufferers from neuralgia may be pleased to learn that a medical correspondent of the London Lancet writes:—"A few years ago, when in Cuba, I ascertained that the natives when attacked with facial neuralgia, used oil of peppermint, which they lightly applied to the seat of pain with a camel's-hair pencil. Since then, in my own practice, I have frequently employed this oil as a local anæsthetic, not only in neuralgia, but also in gout, with remarkably good effects."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, Mar. 11, 1871.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one extra) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

☞ *Club subscribers* who wish the Premium Engraving must send *one dollar extra.* To those who are not subscribers we will furnish it for *two dollars.*

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order.* If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and register the letter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2,50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents. Samples of both will be sent *free* to those desirous of getting up clubs.

Address
HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

BACK NUMBERS.

We have still a fair supply of the back numbers which contain the whole of Leonie's Mystery, and a large amount of other interesting reading—being admirable entertainment for the long winter evenings. A great chance for new subscribers.

REJECTED.—"The Dying Girl," and "A Winter Evening."

COMPARATIVE ANATOMY.

Professor E. D. Cope is at present delivering a course of lectures on Comparative Anatomy, at the Town Hall, Germantown. Prof. Cope is as yet a young man, but the freedom and ease with which he sets forth his subject, and the enthusiasm he manifests in so doing, show that he understands what he is talking about. We only wish his audiences were larger—but better a few thinking men and women, than a careless and thoughtless crowd.

Peace.

President Thiers sent to the Assembly on the 28th the conditions of peace. France cedes one-fifth of Lorraine, including Metz and Thionville, and all of Alsace except Belfort, and pays an indemnity of five milliards of francs ($950,000,000)—one milliard this year, and the balance in three years. The German troops will gradually withdraw from French territory as the payments are made. The armistice is prolonged until March 5th.

It is stated that the occupation of the Departments south of the Seine ceases after the ratification, and that of the other Departments after the payment of 500,000,000f. of indemnity. The fortresses will be occupied until the entire indemnity is paid.

The force of Germans occupying the north-western portion of Paris numbers thirty thousand men. The general demeanor of the Parisians during the entry of the Prussian army into the city was orderly, and in a few instances only were any hostile feelings evinced, which in no case provoked any serious disturbance.

The French Assembly at Bordeaux, by a vote of 546 ayes to 107 noes, ratified the preliminary conditions of peace agreed upon by Bismarck and Thiers.

A telegram to the Times, from Versailles of the 3d, says the Germans evacuated Paris to-day, and Prince Frederick Charles retires immediately behind the Seine. The Emperor and Crown Prince leave in a few days for Ferrieres, or some other point near Paris, on the right bank of the Seine.

Some of the Germans while in Paris, wished to pass the line of demarcation, offering their hands and saying: "Now peace is concluded, we are friends," but were repulsed with the reply, "We are conquered, but with the conditions imposed by Bismarck we never can be friends."

☞ The manufactures of the United States have wholly or largely superseded those of England, in the common markets of the world, including the English colonies, in the production of forty-three different kinds of articles in common use.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

DISEASES OF THE AMERICAN HORSE, AND CATTLE, AND SHEEP.—Their Treatment, with a list and full description of the medicines employed. By ROBERT MCCLURE, M. D., V. S., Professor in the Veterinary College of Philadelphia, Author of "The Gentleman's American Stable Guide," etc., etc. With numerous Illustrations. Published by John E. Potter & Co., Nos. 614 and 617 Sansom St., Philadelphia. This seems to be an excellent book. All the directions are concise and clear, and the author is opposed to the injurious system of bleeding, blistering, physicing, &c., which many persons are yet in the habit of practising.

HOWE'S MUSICAL MONTHLY. No. 15. Published by Elias Howe, 108 Court St., Boston. Price 35 cents. This number contains a variety of first-class music, both instrumental and vocal. We notice the original "Boston Dip Waltzes," "Blush Rose Waltzes," and other piano music; and at least a dozen good songs, with piano accompaniment.

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE OF FRUITS Cultivated and for sale at the Mount Hope Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y. Ellwanger & Barry, Proprietors. Established 1840. See Advertisement.

CATALOGUE OF MACKENZIE'S HORTICULTURAL ESTABLISHMENT. This establishment is located at the corner of Broad street and Columbia Avenue, Philadelphia. See Advertisement.

THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL. Three Discourses, by GEORGE JARVIS GEER, D. D., Rector of St. Timothy's Church, New York. Published by Samuel R. Wells, 389 Broadway, New York.

SPEECH OF GENERAL THOMAS F. BURKE. Delivered May 1, 1867, in the Court House, Dublin. Published by the American News Company, New York; and also for sale by the Central News Company, 505 Chestnut St., Philada.

MAD MONKTON; and other Stories. By WILKIE COLLINS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

CHARLES O'MALLEY, THE IRISH DRAGOON. By CHARLES LEVER. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.

How to Keep Canary Birds.

Many persons have difficulty in keeping their canary birds in good health. One who is experienced in their care, says: Place the cage so that no draft of air can strike the bird; give nothing to healthy birds but canary and rape seed mixed, water, cuttle fish bone, and gravel on the floor of the cage; also occasionally, a little water for bathing; the room should not be overheated; when moulting (shedding feathers) avoid drafts of air; give plenty of rape seed slightly moistened, a little hard-boiled egg, and cracker grated fine is excellent; by observing these simple directions, birds may be kept in fine condition for years. Bad seed kills most of the birds that die; to which it might have been added, that canary birds are not only fond of, but benefited by having often a leaf of cabbage, piece of apple or other green food, which serves to keep down the tendency to fever and prevents constipation. Our birds usually bathe each day as regularly as any one washes the face, and with apparent benefit too. When birds are sick and inclined not to eat well, remove all the food for a day, and then only give soaked bread, from which most of the moisture has been squeezed.

What is a Kindergarten?

For those who do not know what the word Kindergarten implies, I will say Kindergarten means a garden for children, where the children are considered as the various plants, and the teacher as the gardener; who has to be intimately acquainted with their nature and needs, in order to supply all the necessary conditions of soil, moisture, sunny-side or shade, that is necessary to promote their healthy growth and fruitage. At the same time Froebel wanted a garden connected with every school, so that the children should be in constant contact with nature, and be able to watch her processes, and learn to take care of plants, and also animals; which duty lovingly performed in early childhood, prepares the child, later in life, to take care of those dependent on him.—*Mad. Kriege.*

☞ A morning paper insinuates in the matter of street cars, that a society is needed for the prevention of cruelty to passengers, as well as cruelty to horses.

☞ A little boy being asked, "What is the chief end of man?" replied, "The end what is got the head on."

☞ There is a man in Indiana so thin that when the sheriff is after him he crawls into his rifle and watches his adversary through the touch-hole.

☞ How much better than a thief is a man who continually contracts debts which he does not intend to pay, or makes no effort to pay?

THERE was a little girl
Who had a little curl
Right down the middle of her forehead,
And when she was good,
She was very good,
And when she was bad she was horrid.

☞ THE SPEAKING STONE.—The bed of the Seine near Paris contains a large rock called the Speaking Stone, by the people. Only in times of the greatest drought this rock becomes visible, and it has appeared above the surface now again for the first time since the terrible year 1755, the year in which the earthquake of Lisbon took place, and the seven years' war began. It is called the Speaking Stone because the following words have been chiselled into it: "Those who have seen me have wept, and those who will see me will weep."

☞ When the Great Eastern was in process of construction, Henry Burden's plan for a vessel of her size was not entirely followed out, and he wrote to her constructor, Mr. Brunel, that he had made a blunder, and told him the reason why she would be a failure; and she proved so. He told him that he had put navigation back one hundred years, because the failure of the Great Eastern would deter men of capital from investing in vessels of her size.

☞ An exchange has the following characteristic prayer from the heart of a little boy. He had evidently had a little unpleasantness with Aunt Effie:—"Please God, bless papa and mamma, and—and—and if you're a mind to, you may bless Aunt Effie: but I don't much care."

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.—A young woman has invented "spirit bride photographs," in which the bashful bachelor's physiognomy is surrounded by those of the maids who would not be averse to becoming his bride.

☞ As the flint and steel stricken together produce fire, so the conflict of men's minds elicits truth.

General Banks's Hair—Its Marvellous Changes.

The most astonishing point in Gen. Banks's personal appearance is the frequent change in the color of his hair. Some sessions it is seen to be of a peculiar golden blonde, though not an imitation of Lydia Thompson's. At another time it verges on the raven hue of the romantic Gen. Logan's. At the present hour, however, it is tinted like the velvet sides of an Alleghany chestnut. But the strangest part of this chameleon business consists in the fact that these different colors indicate the moods of the man. When his hair is blonde he is almost irresistible in suavity of manner. His original, frozen, New England nature seems melted by suns unseen and forces unfelt. He shakes hands kindly with his natural enemies, the office-seekers, and if he had money he would give it all away. When he is crowned with the raven locks, another man comes to the surface of his being and occupies the same seat in the House. He is fierce and warlike, and if the tocsin of battle should sound, the avenger would be found in an instant's warning. But the most delightful time to those around is when his ambrosial locks have assumed a chestnut hue. This peculiar shade means strength, attention to details, opposition to long, windy harrangues.—*Washington Letter.*

Disheartening.

It is cheap and easy to destroy. There is not a joyful boy or innocent girl buoyant with fine purposes of duty in, all the street full of eager and rosy faces, but a cynic can chill and dishearten with a single word. Despondency comes readily enough to the most sanguine people. The cynic has only to follow the hint with his bitter confirmation, and they go home with heavier step and premature age. They will themselves quickly enough give the hint he wants to the cold wretch. Which of them has not failed to please where they most wished to please? or blundered where they were most ambitious of success? or found themselves awkward or tedious or incapable of study, thought or heroism, and only hoped by good sense and fidelity to do what they could and pass unblamed? And this wicked malefactor makes their little hope less with satire and skepticism and slackens the springs of endeavor. Yes, this is easy; but to help the young soul, add energy, inspire hope, and blow the coals into a useful flame; to redeem defeat by new thought, by firm action, that is not easy, that is the work of divine men.—*R. W. Emerson.*

What Some Men and Women Do.

Some men move through life as a band of music moves down the street, flinging out pleasure on every side through the air to every one, far and near, that can listen. Some men fill the air with their presence and sweetness as orchards, in October days, fill the air with the perfume of ripe fruit. Some women, cling to their own houses like the honeysuckle over the door, yet like it fill all the region with the subtle fragrance of their goodness. How great a bounty and a blessing is it so to hold the royal gifts of the soul that they shall be music to some, and fragrance to others, and life to all! It would be no unworthy thing to live for, to make the power which we have within us the breath of other men's joy; to fill the atmosphere which they must stand in, with a brightness which they cannot create for themselves.—*Beecher.*

☞ There is much food for reflection in the following questions and answers: "Who bits a woman when she is down?" "Why, another woman." "Who keeps her down?" "Why, another woman."

☞ A man may be a great philosopher and a great dandy. Example: Professor Huxley, who dresses with faultless elegance. He is tall, strong, and gracefully built, but has none of the dense solidity, begot of beer and beef, that is characteristic of the modern Briton. His head is rather square than oval, his hair thick, straight, and black. The forehead is perpendicular and dogmatic; thin, firm-shut lips above a chin mercilessly firm; small eyes that sparkle in their deep sockets with a cunning that is not human.

☞ Whosoever is afraid of submitting any question, civil or religious, to the test of free discussion, is more in love with his own opinion than with truth.

☞ St. Petersburg is said to be slowly and surely sinking into the swamp on which it is built.

☞ In London, American girls are said to carry off the honors as the best skaters.

☞ Foul air is positively benumbing to mind and body. Many a stupid meeting owes its stupidity largely to inadequate ventilation.

☞ The Maryland Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to animals, prevented an attempt in Baltimore to compel a horse to trot twenty miles within two hours, carrying 1000 pounds weight.

☞ A firm in Detroit, has an order to ship ten thousand barrels of apples to Liverpool.

☞ A negro convicted of petty larceny recently, in New Kent county, Va., was elected to be whipped. The Sheriff gave him thirty-nine, pretty well laid on, after which the negro was released. Rubbing his back, and turning around with a broad grin at the Sheriff, he said—"Golly, Mars Royster, dat reminds me ob de good ole times."

☞ Female suffrage has been refused in Illinois, Iowa, and Missouri.

☞ The recent discovery of a lock of hair in the heart of a tree in Kentucky, is thus explained:—In olden times, when wizard cures for diseases were more in vogue than at present, a cure for phthisic was prescribed as follows: Take a lock of hair from the head of a patient, especially if a child, and bore a hole in the tree, place the hair in the hole, and then plug the hole up. The simultaneous growth of the child and the tree takes the malady from the child, and it is supposed to be transmitted to the tree.

☞ A little Boston girl joyfully assured her mother the other day that she had found out where they made horses—"she had seen a man in a shop just finishing one of them, for he was nailing on his last foot."

☞ POISONOUS CONFECTIONERY.—The official chemist of Dublin has recently made a report on 123 specimens of confectionery, purchased at thirteen establishments in that city. Those manufactured at three establishments were pure, and those obtained at the other ten shops contained poisonous pigments and other impurities. Out of forty articles tinted yellow, only two were colored with saffron, all the others containing chromate of lead. Some of the specimens contained sulphide of mercury, or vermillion. There seems to be no doubt, it is stated, that these mineral colors act as slow poisons.

☞ Hyena brought fifteen francs a pound in Paris.

Authors.

The personal peculiarities of eminent authors are as varied as their writings. Pope's proofs were full of alterations; Goldsmith thought four lines a good day's work, and was seven years at the "Deserted Village;" Hume wrote his "History of England on a sofa; Robertson first wrote his sentences on small slips of paper, and after rounding them and polishing them entered them in a book; Burke had all his works printed two or three times at a private press before he sent them to his publisher. Akenside and Gray were indefatigable correctors, laboring at every line; so was Thomson; Gibbon sent the first and only copy of his great work to the printer; St. Pierre copied his "Paul and Virginia" nine times before publishing; Dryden wrote hurriedly to provide for the day; Byron composed rapidly, but made abundant use of the pruning-knife; Scott was very laborious in correcting; Southey was an unwearied plodder.

Colors.

It is stated as a scientific fact that the shades of scarlet, orange and yellow have a stimulating and even irritating effect on the human brain. Some artists cannot work long with those colors without feeling the effects. Even animals are sensitive to the irritation of scarlet, being sometimes perfectly enraged by the sight of a red dress or shawl. It is said that bulls are made furious for the fight in Spain by a gorgeous display of scarlet; and we all know that the quiet cow and the turkey are affected the same way. Blue of deep and dull hue is said to have a depressing effect on the mind, and other colors to have each its own effect of pleasure or pain. This is a fact which may yet be turned to good account in the case of nervous patients.

☞ A Chicago woman earns her livelihood by fainting in front of large stores and hotels, into which she is carried. A purse is made up for her and she is sent home in a hack.

☞ A reliable Western paper says there are trees so tall in Missouri that it takes two men and a boy to look to the top of them. One looks till he gets tired, and another commences where he left off.

☞ An old lady, observing a sign over a tailoring establishment, bearing the inscription, "Fountain of Fashion," exclaimed: "Ah, that must be the place where the squirts come from."

☞ Think of living! Thy life, wert thou the "pitifullest of all the sons of earth," is no idle dream, but a solemn reality. It is thy own; it is all thou hast to front eternity with. Work, then, "like a star, unhasting yet unresting."—*Carlyle.*

So every *spirit*, as it is more pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairly dight,
With cheerful grace and amiable sight.
For, of the soul, the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make.
—*Spencer.*

☞ Charles Algernon Swinburne is said to look as if he were over 40, though he is only about 25, and his aged appearance is ascribed by his enemies to excessive use of black coffee, brandy and opium.

☞ A Professional Murderer.—A sanguinary Neapolitan has been arrested, as the perpetrator of thirty-seven murders. His name is Twicello, and his age 22.

☞ Dr. Edward H. Clarke has a paper in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal on "The Use and Abuse of Hydrate of Chloral." He argues that no unskilled person should meddle with it.

☞ An abbe-ration—a monk's dinner.

☞ A woman of the shoddy millionaire species, on ordering silverware in an Eastern city, told the clerk she wanted her entrails, "M. M.," engraved on each piece.

☞ A poem in an agricultural paper, called "Song of a Farmer Boy," very appropriately commences with "Ho! brothers, ho!"

☞ "John," said a Cockney solicitor to his son, "I see you'll never do for an attorney, you have no *hinergy*." "Skuse me, father," replied John, "what I want is some of your *chickenary*."

☞ Thirty-seven Japanese princes arrived in Chicago recently, by the Pacific train.

☞ Economizing Food.—It is stated that during the siege of Paris the method of making bread out of the whole wheat was carried out with success. Under the usual system, it is stated, 100 pounds of wheat yield 80 pounds of flour, from which 112 pounds of bread are made. Under the new plan of using the unsifted wheat, 143 pounds of bread, it is estimated, can be made out of 100 pounds of wheat, and much better bread at that to fight and work upon. Throwing away the bran is a wasteful proceeding always for any man who wants strength to earn his living with.

☞ A gentleman whose custom it was to entertain very often a circle of friends, observed that one of them was in the habit of eating something before grace was asked, and determined to cure him. Upon the repetition of the offence, he said: "For what we are about to receive, and for what James Taylor has already received, the Lord make us truly thankful.

☞ The Income Tax.—Shall an odious tax, which the Treasury can very well spare, be continued, to please Mr. Boutwell, or abolished, to please the country?

☞ Masculine Juvenile (age uncertain, face twelve, dress twenty)—"Do you dance the round dances, Miss Ada?" Femine Juvenile (aged eleven)—"O, no, Mr. Graves, really; the exertion is so great that my physician has cautioned me to give them up. Two winters ago I completely wore myself out."

☞ Beecher's Warning to his Congregation.—Beware of refined selfishness. Beware of æsthetic selfishness. Beware of aristocratic selfishness. Beware of the selfishness of prosperity and of respectability. Beware of the temptation of the devil. Beware of anything that shall make you indifferent to the sufferings and to the condition of those who are cast down by reason of their sins—for you, in your estate, are sinners, dependent, every hour and every moment, on the goodness of a pitying God. Be you to your fellows what God is to you.

☞ The New York Standard reports that a child in that city is named Washington Our Fritz Wilhelm Carl Bismarck Moltke Manteuffel Grant Sherman Sheridan. It is supposed it cannot live.

☞ In Mobile, Alabama, a man married recently, his seventh wife, a Mexican, having previously been united respectively to a German, French, English, Dutch, Irish and American woman, all of whom died.

☞ Cheap jewelry—A dime and pin.

☞ Rich music—A million air.

A SKETCH OF DR. HELMBOLD.

Henry T. Helmbold was born in the City of Philadelphia, December, 1823. His parents being in moderate circumstances, he was anxious that he should commence "earning his living," and by unaided exertions he prepared himself for the High School, where he finished his literary and classical studies, graduating with the highest honors at the age of nineteen. Subsequently he became enamored of the study of chemistry, and, after taking his degree, he pursued his private studies and elementary practice under the preceptorship of an old and competent physician and chemist. About this time he embarked in the business in a small way, and commenced the manufacture of his now celebrated Fluid Extracts. They had at that time but a limited sale, as it required considerable effort to bring them to the notice of physicians. At this time extracts were sold in bulk, as "paregoric," "sirup of squills," and other compounds. His business increased in this way, but the protection offered him was very slight. For instance, a druggist receiving a physician's prescription for his article would, in many cases, substitute that of his own manufacture, thereby causing difficulty between the practitioner and himself. Learning this, and seeing that his interests were becoming jeopardized, he concluded either not to sell to dealers in bulk, notify physicians of his determination, and be satisfied to remain an obscure druggist in the upper part of a large city, or adopt some entirely different method. He was aware of the singular prejudices existing against advertised remedies, and in truth had but limited means at his command to experiment in "printers' ink." About this time he received an offer for his drug store, and disposed of it. The negotiation was no sooner concluded than, with a few hundred dollars as his cash capital, he rented a small office on Chestnut street, Philadelphia, and was ready for business in a few days. Advertising to him was a new and untried field, but with his small capital he determined to know its merits and value—for even at that early date he was no hand to loiter—so he concluded that he would satisfy himself in one month. He manufactured a small stock, and expended all his surplus cash, amounting to about $2,000, in that short period. His programme worked admirably, and from that time he continued to succeed, and increased his advertising in a corresponding proportion. On these principles he has continued to enlarge and expand his business until it has assumed its present magnitude. In the year 1863, his business having steadily increased, he determined to remove to "Gotham," where he could have a larger field for his operations, still retaining his laboratory in Philadelphia. Here he installed himself in his drug and chemical warehouse, 594 Broadway, to which he has been making additions and improvements from time to time as was actually necessary, consequent on the enormous increase of his business.

Dr. Helmbold has been aptly designated the "Prince of Druggists." His store on Broadway is undoubtedly the finest of its kind on this Continent. Everything that money could supply and good taste suggest has been used in the fitting up of his establishment, until 594 Broadway has become a place that courts and receives the admiration of the thousands of people who daily throng New York's grand thoroughfare. There is French, Spanish and German spoken. Prescriptions are accurately compounded in all the languages. Only competent men, and those having the longest experience employed. All are evidently "WELL PAID," and wide awake at all times. The store is open day and *night*. The proprietor is a man possessing great business talent, energy and enterprise, and from a modest commencement, nearly twenty years ago, has, step by step, mounted the ladder of success until he now stands among the foremost and wealthiest business men in the country. Although yet but a young man, he has last year been able to return an income of $152,205. There are innumerable druggists in this city, the majority, perhaps, doing a tolerable amount of business, but we only know of one who can keep $20,000 worth of horse-flesh to draw him up and down town, and an immense driver (six feet three inches) to make the animals dance in front of his store for the benefit of those who love to look upon lively horse flesh, gold trappings, and a "whip" that can brush a fly off the ear of a leader without disturbing a hair.

Dr. Helmbold is peculiar in the permanency of his attachment to men of just and fair dealing. He would forgive a debt rather than distress a worthy man. Besides his thorough knowledge of diseases and remedies, he is a fine geologist, and well read in kindred sciences and general literature. His business habits are systematic, precise and industrious. He personally superintends every department of his vast business, being affable, genial and generous; having, for his personal and social qualities alone, a host of warm and admiring friends.

The writer of this article is not a Jenkins, and, although he had the pleasure of seeing the notable Doctor the other morning, did not critically examine him for "points," or note the exact cut of his coat, or his whiskers, or his hair. Somebody has done it, however. Here it is:

"Dr. Helmbold is about five feet six inches in height, dark brown hair, heavy eyebrows, full whiskers, cut rather close—a bright and intelligent eye, a well-shaped head, and a mouth that denotes firmness and decision of character.

"In dress he is faultless. A first-class business suit, the whitest of shirts, elegant wristbands, hair neither too smooth nor too rough—the dress in all respects indicating a business man of taste, wealth and prominence. He walks to this man on the right, looks over his shoulder at some work he is doing, nods approvingly; then to his cash-book, makes a few inquiries, says that is right; then asks the cashier of the concern one or two questions, nods approvingly; takes in the entire store at a glance; says very politely to those in charge, 'Good-day, gentlemen!' He passes out, nods to the acquaintances, shakes hands with that one, and, with a kind word to all, passes out to his private carriage waiting before the door, and, if the weather be pleasant, with one or two friends, is off for a drive through Central Park and up the Bloomingdale road, behind his elegant (four-in-hand) horses. At 6 o'clock we find him at his elegant residence, on Fourteenth street, ready for dinner. And there are always at his well-furnished table two or three extra plates and extra chairs for such friends as he may invite to his house, for Helmbold believes that it is not good for a man to eat alone. And although he has at his home one of the most beautiful women of the land for a wife and a family of three little children, he still delights in extending the most generous hospitality to those who are always welcome when invited."

Loud Talking.

When will American women learn to believe—and what is more, practice upon that belief—that a "low, soft voice is an excellent thing in woman?" Wherever we go—in the horse-cars, on the steamboats, in the lecture rooms and concert halls, on the street, in every public place, in short, we are perpetually and involuntarily receiving confidences from unknown females, in regard to family matters, love affairs, matrimonial spats and other subjects, important or the reverse. We cannot help it. We don't want to know that A abuses his wife, and B's better-half flirts outrageously; we don't care why a certain match said to be on the *tapis* was broken off; we are not deeply interested in the particulars of C's last illness, inasmuch as to us he is a total stranger, nor do we mind about knowing how much his coffin cost or whether it was real rosewood or a base imitation; that D's son is rather fast and E's daughter bids fair to turn out a "girl of the period." All these, and plenty more facts of the kind, are of no special moment to us, and we are not interested in hearing them discussed, yet we cannot see how we are to avoid becoming depositories of all sorts of secrets, pleasant or otherwise, just as long as we are forced to travel to and fro on the earth, and American women will talk of private matters at the top of their voices in public.

Perspiration.

The amount of liquid matter which passes through the microscopical tubes of the skin in twenty-four hours, in an adult person of sound health, is about sixteen fluid ounces, or one pint. One ounce of the sixteen is solid matter, made up of organic and inorganic substances, which, if allowed to remain in the system for a brief space of time, would cause death. The rest is water. Beside the water and solid matter, a large amount of carbonic acid, a gaseous body, passes through the tubes; so we cannot fail to understand that they are active workers, and also we cannot fail to see the importance of keeping them in perfect working order, removing obstructions by frequent application of water, or by some other means.

☞ Habit is a cable. We weave threads of it every day, and at last we cannot break it.

☞ A would-be agriculturist says these "mole-ploughs" are all foolishness. You'd have to get more than a hundred moles to draw one, and they are so blind they don't know haw from gee.

☞ A western paper has an article on "the care of idiots." A contemporary says that paper is always dragging family affairs before the public.

☞ G. M. D. Bloss, of the Cincinnati Enquirer, has established the reputation of the worst penman in the world. On a recent wager as to the signification of his signature, one printer said it was "Bird of Freedom," and the other "Warranted to Wash." Bloss himself, having been questioned, declared the mysterious characters meant "France as a Republic."

☞ It's as true of advertising as of anything else in this world—if it is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well. People who advertise only once in three months forget that most folks can't remember anything longer than about seven days. If you can arouse curiosity by an advertisement, it is a great point gained. The fair sex don't hold all the curiosity in the world.—*American Newspaper Reporter.*

☞ The New Orleans Picayune tells the story of a printer, who, when his fellow-workmen went out to drink beer, during the working hours, put in the bank the exact amount which he would have spent if he had gone out to drink. He kept to this resolution for five years. He then examined his bank account and found that he had on deposit $521.86. In the five years he had not lost a day from ill-health. Three out of five of his fellow-workmen had, in the meantime, become drunkards, were worthless as workmen, and were discharged. The water-drinker then bought out the printing office, went on enlarging his business, and in 20 years from the time he began to put by his money was worth $100,000. The story, whether new or old, teaches a lesson which every young mechanic should lay to heart.

☞ Chignons no Novelty.—Tertullian, writing in the third century of the Christian era, treating on the fashions of women, thus apostrophises them:—"And besides ye have set up I know not what monstrosities of artfully-woven false-hair, now after the fashion of a helmet—even as a sheath for your heads, and covering or lid for your crown, and now extending downwards towards your necks."

☞ The Chinamen at North Adams, Mass., have some original notions about the origin and cause of earthquakes. They say that "Once he all alive; then the outside die, but the inside still alive; sometime he get tired and turn over;" hence the convulsions.

☞ A thief made a raid upon the premises of a preacher named Guild, in Nebraska City, the other night, and captured a lot of shirts, sheets, cutlery, etc. Next morning the bundle was left at the door, with the following:—"Rev. Gild: Diddent no twoss a minneisters hous or woodent a took thess things. Hear they is.—Conscience."

☞ Chinese Cheap Labor.—There is a good story told in Washington about a Chinese servant employed by Admiral Porter, that on reception day the duty of attending the door was assigned to Ah Sin. Accustomed to the social usages of his own land, where a visitor's rank is indicated by the size of the card, and where a huge yellow one meant the presence of a prince, he treated the little bits of pasteboard with contempt. While nodding his head and tossing the bits of paper unceremoniously in the basket, the gas collector happened to present his bill. The long, yellow slip took Ah Sin. With profound salaams he bowed the astounded gas man into the presence of the amazed family.

☞ Cloth half shoddy, leather half dressed, books so poorly bound that they come to pieces on the first reading, sand in sugar, stones in spices, weights and measures which build up the seller's fortune at the expense of the buyer; these are the things which make people turn away disheartened from American manufactures, and say "This must be good, it is English."

☞ "Why don't you give us a little Greek and Latin occasionally?" asked a country deacon of a new minister. "Why, do you understand those languages?" was asked. "No, but we pay for the best, and we ought to have it."

Too Poor.

A brother editor was sitting in his office, one afternoon some years ago, when a farmer friend came in and said:—"Mr. M——, I like your paper, but times are so hard I cannot pay for it."

"Is that so, friend Jones? I'm very sorry to hear that you are so poor; if you are so hard run I will give you my paper."

"Oh, no! I can't take it as a gift."

"Well, then, let's see how we can fix it. You raise chickens, I believe."

"Yes, a few, but they don't bring anything, hardly."

"Don't they? Neither does my paper cost anything, hardly. Now I have a proposition to make to you. I will continue your paper, and when you go home you may select from your lot one chicken and call her mine. Take good care of her and bring me the proceeds, whether in eggs or chickens, and we will call it square."

"All right, brother M——;" and the old fellow chuckled at what he thought a capital bargain. He kept the contract strictly, and at the end of the year found that he had paid about four prices for his paper. He often tells the joke on himself, and says he never has had the face to say he was too poor to take a paper since that day.—*Model Farmer.*

☞ Alabama has outstripped any Southern state in the number of miles of railroad built since the war. Alabama has built 296 miles, Georgia 231, Tennessee 155, Texas 132, North Carolina 146, South Carolina 128, Virginia 104, Mississippi 138, Arkansas 90, Florida 44.

☞ A schoolmaster who recently lost an eye begs to intimate that he has now a "vacancy for a pupil."

☞ "Tom, where's that counterfeit ten dollar bill you had awhile ago?" "Well, I never was quite clear in my mind about dat are bill. Some days I thought it was a bad bill, and oder days I thought it was a good bill; and one o' dem days when I thought it was a good bill I jes' passed it away!"

☞ A Boston minister says he once preached on the Recognition of Friends in the Future," and was told after service by a hearer that it would be more to the point to preach about the recognition of friends here, as he had been in the church twenty years, and didn't know any of its members.

☞ "Grandma," said a shrewd child, "do you want some candy?" "Yes, dear, I should like some." "Then if you'll buy me some I'll give you half," said Polly.

☞ Homeliness.—Plain people have the advantage over the beautiful during a part of life; that is, when old age comes. Homeliness wears well; it seems to mend with years, or, at least, it has nothing to spoil. As a general rule, the most worn and time touched faces are the faces of those once handsome. They are characteristics which defy the ravages of time, but mere personal beauty is evanescent.

☞ George Washington's folio family Bible has recently come into the possession of Porter & Coates, of Philadelphia. It is in three volumes; was printed at Bath, in 1785; is in good preservation, and is valued at $3,000.

☞ Good country butter—An old ram.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—12,000 bbls Penna and Western family sold at prices ranging from $5,25@5,75 for superfine; $6,00@6,50 for extra; $6,50@7,75 for Northwest family; $6,50@7 for Penna family; $7@8 for Ohio family; $7,50@8 for Indiana family, and $8@9,50 ₱ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour sold at $5,87½ ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat—5,000 bus sold at $1,60@1,66 for Indiana red; $1,58@1,61 for Ohio red; $1,45@1,55 for Penna red; $1,60 for Penna amber; $1,62@1,65 for Ohio amber; and $1,75@1,85 ₱ bus for white. Rye—Sales at $1,08@1,14. Corn—Sales of 50,000 bus at 77@78c for mixed, and 78@80c ₱ bus for yellow. Oats—Sales of 55,000 bus at 54@56c ₱ bus.

PROVISIONS—Sales of mess Pork at $23,50@23; clear at $24, and extra prime at $18. Mess Beef at $20@22 ₱ bbl for city packed extra mess. Beef Hams may be quoted at $20@22 ₱ bbl. Bacon—Sales of sugar-cured city smoked hams at 16@17c; Excelsior hams at 17c; sides at 12½@13c, and shoulders 10½c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 14@15c; sides at 11@11½c, and shoulders, in salt, at 8½c. Lard—Sales of 400 bbls and tierces at 12@12½c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of inferior packed at 18@17c; Penna store packed at 20@24c, and roll at 22@30c ₱ lb. Eggs sell at 27@29c ₱ dozen. Cheese sells at 16@17c ₱ lb.

COTTON—600 bales of middlings sold at 15@15½c ₱ lb for upland, and 15½@16c ₱ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—20 hhds of No 1 Quercitron sold at $30 ₱ ton. Tanners' Bark ranges from $16@22 ₱ cord for chestnut and Spanish oak.

BEESWAX sells at 21@22½c ₱ lb for yellow.

FRUIT—Dried Apples and Peaches—Sales at 4@5c for Apples, and 13@14c ₱ lb for half Peaches. Green Apples sell at $5,50@6,00 ₱ bbl. Cranberries sell at $10@12 ₱ bbl.

HOPS—Sales at 5@10c.

IRON—Pig Iron—Sales of 1500 tons of No 1 at $33; 500 tons of No 2 sold at $31; and 800 tons of Grey Forge at $31 ₱ ton. Scotch Pig sells at $32@33 ₱ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed—9000 lbs sold, at 11@11½c ₱ lb. Timothy at $6@6,25. Flaxseed at $2@2,10.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2000 head. The prices realized from 4@6¾c ₱ lb. 200 Cows brought from $40 to 75 ₱ head. Sheep—12,000 head were disposed of at from 5@6½c ₱ lb. 4500 Hogs sold at from $10 to $12 ₱ 100 lbs.

Interesting to Ladies.

"I have been using the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine about nine years. Having occasion to purchase another machine about one year ago, I tried the 'Wheeler & Wilson,' and the 'Singer,' I still give the preference to the Grover & Baker, and would advise all wanting a good sewing machine, to purchase the G. & B."

Mrs. M. A. PATTERSON,
Portsmouth, O.

A Grateful Acknowledgment.

A. J. Charlock, a printer in the office of the Ohio *Weekly Clarion*, writes to the proprietors of the Plantation Bitters as follows: "Three months ago I was the mere shadow of a man, and so debilitated that my limbs shook under me while at work. The compositor at the next case said to me one day—'Andrew, you need a tonic; that's what's the matter: and there's no tonic that was ever got up equal to Plantation Bitters. Try 'em.' I have 'tried em,' and you are at liberty to state (referring to me for confirmation) that they have restored my health, and, I believe, saved my life."

Sea Moss Farine from pure Irish Moss, for blanc mange, puddings, custards, creams, &c., &c. The cheapest, healthiest, and most delicious food in the world.

To Cure a Cough, Cold or Sore Throat, use *BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.*
nov30-6m

Good Soap, Like Good Wine, is Improved by Age.—Among the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii soap was found in a good state of preservation, after having been buried over 1700 years.

A box of soap in a family is better than "*money at interest*," as when from three to six months old, one pound will go further than three pounds of new soap.

Ask your grocer for a box of Crampton's Imperial Laundry Soap, and if he does not keep it, send your order to CRAMPTON BROTHERS, 84 Front street, New York. Liberal commission to clubs.
oct1-tf

HEALTH! BEAUTY!!

STRONG, PURE AND RICH
BLOOD, INCREASE OF FLESH AND
WEIGHT, CLEAR SKIN AND
BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION
SECURED TO ALL.
RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN
RESOLVENT HAS MADE
THE MOST
ASTONISHING CURES.
SO QUICK, SO RAPID ARE THE
CHANGES THE BODY UNDERGOES
UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THIS
TRULY WONDERFUL MEDICINE,
THAT EVERY DAY AN INCREASE IN
FLESH AND WEIGHT IS SEEN AND FELT.

Scrofula, Consumption,
Glandular Disease,
Ulcers in the Throat and Mouth,
Tumors, Nodes in the Glands,
And other parts of the system,
Sore Eyes,
Strumous diseases of the
Eyes, Nose, Mouth.

And the worst forms of Skin Diseases,
Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head,
Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas,
Acne, Black Spots,
Worms in the Flesh, Tumors,
Cancers in the Womb,
And all Kidney, Bladder, Urinary and

Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes,
Dropsy, Stoppage of Water,
Incontinence of Urine,
Bright's Disease,
Weakness and Painful Discharges,
Night Sweats,
Are within the curative range of

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,

and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease, its potent power to cure them.

ONE DOLLAR A BOTTLE.

Principal office 87 Maiden Lane, New York.
Sold by Druggists. oct1-tf

Cheering Facts for the Bilious.

Every day demonstrates more clearly that liver complaint, in all its distressing forms, can be controlled and cured without difficulty or inconvenience. It is an obstinate disease, but its obstinacy is not proof against the pertinacious, remedial and restorative operation of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. That genial corrective *compels the organ to do its duty.* It *must* secrete regularly and healthfully under the influence of the Bitters. Their action brings it back from a state of rebellion into perfect harmony with the laws of health. If there is costiveness, it disappears; if there is side-ache or back-ache, it ceases; if the skin and the whites of the eyes are tinged with superfluous bile, they recover their natural hue; if the appetite is gone, it returns; if the digestion is impaired, it is restored; in brief, whatever the symptoms of the complaint may be and whatever the phase it has assumed, a cure is *certain.* Such are the uniform effects of this preparation where bilious disease has been already developed; but in cases where there is merely a constitutional tendency to liver complaint, it may be prevented throughout life by the regular use, in small quantities, of this palatable antidote. These are proven facts, and should be seriously pondered—or, rather, they should be promptly acted upon—by all persons of bilious habit. mh4-tt

CONSUMPTION ☞ CAN BE CURED BY LIEBIG'S LIFE CURE. Sample package and treatise free.
Address, Dr. T. F. BURT, 737 Sixth Avenue, New York. jan21-12t

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES AND TAN,

use *PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.* It is reliable and harmless. Sold by druggists everywhere. Depot, 49 Bond st., New York.
jan7-3m

PIMPLES ON THE FACE.

For Pimply Eruptions, Black Heads, Flesh Worms, or Grubs, and Blotched Disfigurations on the *Face*, use *PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY.* Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by druggists everywhere.

Wholesale in Philadelphia by Johnson, Holloway & Cowden, 602 Arch St. jan7-3m

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On March 2d, by the Rev. J. Wheaton Smith, D D, Mr. Chas. H. Good to Miss Pauline Brown, all of this city.

At Mount Holly, N. J., on the 22d of Feb., by the Rev. Wm. Bylleby, Mr. Wm. H. Thomas, of Philadelphia, to Miss Anna M. Newton, of Mocrestown, N. J.

On the 9th of Feb., by the Rev. Thomas B. Bott, Mr. Robert Brown to Miss Frances G. Lillet, both of this city.

On the 23d of Feb. by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. Geo. E. Smith to Miss Emma J. Logan, both of this city.

On the 23d of Feb., by the Rev. Jas. F. Swith, Mr. Willoughby Evans to Miss Emma Frances Kutz, all of this city.

On the 23d of Feb., by the Rev. Dr. A. Reed, Benson W. Conrad to Emilie Frances Lex, all of this city.

On the 23d of Feb., by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. Charles W. Burkart to Miss Mary E. Hawkes, all of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 20th of Feb., James Wright, in the 71st year of his age.

On the 21st of Feb., Mrs. Mary Ann Merchinson, aged 61 years.

On the 21st of Feb., Nathan Supplee, in the 38th year of his age.

On the 22d of Feb., Henry C. Burger, Sr., in the 31st year of his age.

On the 23d of Feb., Sarah Ann Craig, aged 92 years.

On the 23d of Feb., Henry E. Thomas, in the 76th year of his age.

On the 22d of Feb., Philip Enders, in the 43d year of his age.

On the 23d of Feb., Esther Eilaman, in the 83d year of her age.

On the 23d of Feb., James S. Anderson, in the 64th year of his age.

On the 24th of Feb., Mrs. Theresa Linn, in the 62d year of her age.

On the 27th of Feb., Herman Bruckner, in the 34th year of his age.

THE COMING YEAR.

We may note especially among our arrangements for the coming year, a new story called

DENE HOLLOW

By Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," "Bessy Rane," &c.

We may add that it is always the aim of Mrs. Wood, in her stories, to combine a high degree of interest with the inculcation of some moral lesson. And it is this which renders her stories such favorites with the great majority of readers.

We commenced in The Post of Jan. 7th, a

STORY OF ADVENTURE

By Gustave Aimard, author of "The Queen of the Savannah," "Last of the Incas," &c.

Aimard writes a stirring story, full of thrilling incidents by flood and field, of hair-breadth escapes, &c., in which both his heroes and his heroines take part.

In addition to these, of course, we shall give a succession of other stories, both original and selected, of the usual excellent quality.

But the desire of The Post is always to combine instruction with amusement, solid intellectual meats and bread and potatoes with its pies, preserves and puddings. We aim also to give, therefore, during the coming year,

INSTRUCTIVE ARTICLES

on a great variety of subjects, original, and selected from all quarters. We should be sorry to have our readers say that they had perused a single number of The Post without being wiser in some respect than they were before.

THREE MONTHS GRATIS.

We are still able to offer all *NEW* subscribers

3 MONTHS FOR NOTHING,

beginning their subscriptions for 1871 with the paper of October 8th, which contains the beginning of Leonia's Mystery, by Frank Lee Benedict. This is

THIRTEEN PAPERS

in addition to the regular weekly numbers for 1871, or

FIFTEEN MONTHS IN ALL!

We have a goodly supply of back numbers still on hand.

This offer applies to all new subscribers, single or in clubs. See our low Terms on the second page of this paper.

Travelling in Siberia.

Lovers of good sleighing can be satisfied to the full in Siberia, and have a range of thousands of miles without fear of a thaw or of bare ground. But it is very cold, and one must wear thick clothing to keep warm. I frequently saw the thermometer forty degrees below zero, and sometimes it gets below sixty. Everything that can be frozen becomes solid. We carried some soup frozen into cakes like small bricks, and we had a piece of roast beef that looked and felt like red granite.

The horses used to become white in a short time, no matter what their original color was; the long hair round their nostrils used to be covered with frost from their breath, and sometimes they resembled the rows of spikes that farmers put around the noses of weaning calves. In the coldest morning there is generally a fog or frost cloud resting near the earth, from the freezing and falling of all the watery particles of the atmosphere. In the coldest nights the stars are always very brilliant, and the brightest of them seem to burn like diamonds.

For my winter journey I had a suit of clothing made from a pair of blankets. On my feet I had my ordinary woollen socks, then a pair of squirrel-skin socks, then some sheep-skin stockings that came up to the knee, and then some boots of reindeer-skin reaching as high up as boots could possibly go. My leather boots I packed away in my sleigh, and had no use for them while I was travelling.

Outside of my ordinary clothing I had a sheep-skin coat with the fur inside, and buttoning around me. And outside of this I had a deer-skin coat that touched the ground when I stood erect, and was large enough inside for a man and a boy. Its collar was a foot wide, and when turned up in front it completely concealed my head. The sleeves were ten or twelve inches longer than my arms, and troubled me a great deal when I wanted to pick up anything. When thoroughly wrapped up I felt very much as an Egyptain mummy might be supposed to feel, after he has been laid away to cool. Then I had a sleigh robe, seven feet square, made of sheep-skins sewed upon a backing of heavy cloth.

The frost could not penetrate all this covering, but it constantly troubled my face. My breath congealed, and used to turn my moustache into an icicle, or rather into a pair of icicles. My beard became a mass of ice and frequently froze to my furs, so that a sudden movement threatened to tear it out by the roots. Frequently, before removing my fur coat, I had to thaw my beard from it, though sometimes I forgot myself and gave it a severe pull that was sure to bring me to my senses.

☞ In Peru editors and printers are exempt from military duty; they have other matters to Peruse.

AN IDYL OF THE PERIOD.

IN TWO PARTS.

I.

"Come right in! How are you, Fred?
Find a chair, and have a light."
"Well, old boy, recovered yet
From the Mathers' jam last night?"
"Didn't dance, the German's old."
"Didn't you! I had to lead—
Awful bore; but where were you?"
"Sat it out with Mollie Meade;
Jolly little girl she is—
Said she didn't care to dance,
'D rather have a quiet chat—
Then she gave me such a glance;
So, when you had cleared the room,
And had captured all the chairs,
Having no where else, we two
Took possession of the stairs;
I was on the lower step,
Mollie on the next above;
Gave me her bouquet to hold—
Asked me to draw off her glove,
Then, of course, I squeezed her hand.
Talked about my wasted life,
Said my sole salvation must
Be a true and gentle wife.
Then you know, I used my eyes—
She believed me, every word;
Almost said she loved me—Jove!
Such a voice I never heard—
Gave me some symbolic flower,
Had a meaning, eh! so sweet;
Don't know where it is, I'm sure;
Must have dropped it in the street.
How I spooned! and she, ha! ha!
Well, I know it wasn't right,
But she did believe me so.
That I—kissed her—pass a light."

II.

"Mollie Meade, well, I declare!
Who'd have thought of seeing you,
After what occurred last night,
Out here on the avenue.
Oh! you awful, awful girl;
There—don't blush—I saw it all."
"Saw all what?" "Ahem—last night—
At the Mathers', in the hall."
"Oh, you horrid—where were you?
Wasn't he an awful goose?
Most men must be caught, but he
Ran his neck right in the noose.
I was almost dead to dance—
I'd have done it if I could—
But old Gray said I must stop,
And I promised ma I would;
So I looked up, sweet, and said
I'd much rather talk with him.
Hope he didn't see my face,
Luckily the lights were dim;
Then how hard he squeezed my hand—
And he looked up in my face
With his lovely, great big eyes;
Really, it's a dreadful case.
He was all in earnest, too:
But I thought I'd have to laugh,
When he kissed a flower I gave,
Looking, oh!—like such a calf.
I suppose he has it now,
In a wine glass, on his shelves;
It's a mystery to me
Why men will deceive themselves.
Saw him kiss me! Oh, you wretch—
Well, he begged so hard for one,
And I thought there'd no one know,
So I—let him—just for fun.
I know it wasn't really right
To trifle with his feelings, dear,
But men are such conceited things,
They need a lesson once a year."

Ploughed Ground a Source of Health.

The plough, harrow and hoe, according to recent discoveries in science, contribute more to the health of the country at large than all the human sanitary arrangements combined. Recent investigations have proved that the deodorizing powers of fresh earth make it the best disinfectant ever discovered. As this is true, does it not present the design of Providence in a striking and beautiful light? In the winter, when the air is purest and needs no purifier, farmers would, if they could, do their ploughing, but wet weather, freezing and snow forbid. In the spring and fall, however, when the atmosphere is most charged with malarious and other poisonous gases, man is compelled to plough. This is not all that is good and beneficient in the arrangement. This poison which the earth extracts from the air is a fertilizer, and returns in the form of wholesome food for man's subsistance.

It is not hard to conceive, if it were not for the fact that fresh earth is a purifier of the atmosphere, that man could not exist on the earth; for it is the decay of vegetable matter which chiefly poisons it, and were there not some antidote the health of the country would not be as good as it is in the cities.

Epidemics and infectious diseases which have sometimes almost depopulated cities, rarely reach far into the country because the antidote or corrective of the infected atmosphere is there; but in cities, where there is no earth, either fresh or otherwise, disease does its work without opposition. We might multiply proof of this theory, or rather important fact, to an unlimited extent; but one or two illustrations are enough for the thinking mind.

About ninety years ago, a part of the Valley of Virginia, which is now considered the abode of health, the people of lower Virginia looked upon as a graveyard. But the fertility of the soil and beauty of the country caused men to take their chances, and in a few years after the plough commenced its work the health of the country improved, and just in proportion to the increase of cultivation was health established.

There are persons, now thirty years of age, living there, who never saw a case of chills, and who look upon them as something terrible, to be found only on the water courses of lower Virginia. This fact, of now countries being unhealthy, and health making its appearance with the plough, is also strikingly illustrated in the case of Mississippi and other Southern States.

All elderly persons now living know that these Southern States, when first settled, were looked upon in the same light that the lower Virginians formerly looked upon the Valley; and all know that the health of those regions has improved so much in latter years that the subject is rarely ever referred to. At first, it was the only objection to a removal to the south, but now it is no longer an obstacle.

The truth is, God has so arranged it; and so merciful is the plan, when we contemplate the fact that through the plough we receive both our food and health, we can but exclaim:

"Deep in the unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill,
God treasures up his great designs
And works his sovereign will."

The Man Milliner of Paris.

Under the Empire, to spend money was the readiest road to social distinction. The old *bourgeoisie* still retained the careful habits of the days of Louis Philippe, and made fortunes by cheese-paring. Imperial Paris was far above this. Families were obliged to spend 20 per cent. of their incomes in order to lodge themselves. Shops in favored quarters were let for fabulous prices, and charged fabulous prices for their wares. *Cocodettes* of the Court, *cocodes* of the Bois, wives of speculators, shoddy squaws from New York, Calmucs recently imported from their native steppes, doubtful Italian princesses, gushing Polish countesses, and foolish English women, merrily raced along the road to ruin. Good taste was lost in tinsel and glitter. What a thing art was—the only standard of its beauty. Great gingerbread palaces were everywhere run up, and let even before they were out of the builder's hands. It was deemed fashionable to drive about in a carriage with four horses, with perhaps a black man to drive, and an Arab sitting on the box by his side. Dresses by milliners in vogue gave a ready currency to their wearers; and it is somewhat curious that the Raphael of his trade was an Englishman. This man gave himself all the airs of a distinguished artist. He received his clients with vulgar condescension, and they—no matter what their rank—submitted to his insolence in the hopes that he would enable them to outshine their rivals. Ambassadors' wives and Court ladies used to go to take tea with the fellow, and dispute the honor of filling his cup or putting sugar into it. I once went into his shop—a sort of drawing-room hung round with dresses. I found him lolling on a chair, his legs crossed before the fire. Around him were a bevy of women, some pretty, some ugly, listening to his observations with the rapt attention of the disciples of a sage. He called them up before him like school girls, and after inspecting them, praised or blamed their dresses. One, a pretty young girl, found favor in his eyes, and he told her that he must dream and meditate several days over her in order to find the inspiration to make a gown worthy of her. "Why do you wear these ugly gloves?" he said to another; "never let me see you in gloves of that color again." She was a very grand lady, but she slipped off her gloves, and put them in her pocket with a guilty look. When there was going to be a ball at Court, ladies used to go down on their knees to him to make them beautiful. For some time he declined to dress any longer the wife of a great Imperial dignitary who had not been sufficiently humble towards him. She came to him in tears, but he was obdurate; and he only consented at last to make a gown for her on condition that she would put it on for the first time in his shop. The Empress, who dealt with him, sent to tell him that if he did not abate his prices she would leave him. "You cannot," he replied, and in fact she could not, for she stood by him to the last. A morning dress by this artist, worth in reality about £4, cost £30; an evening dress, tawdry with flounces, ribbons, and bad lace, could not be had under £70. There are about thirty shops in Paris where, as at this English man milliner's, the goods are not better than elsewhere, but where they cost about ten times their value. They are patronized by fools with more money than wits, and chiefly by foreign fools. The proprietor of one of these establishments was complaining to me the other day of what he was losing by the siege. I told him that I sympathised with him about as much as I should with a Greek brigand, bewailing a falling off of wealthy strangers in the district where he was in the habit of carrying on his commercial operations.—[The foregoing is by the Paris correspondent of the London Daily News.]

The Talk About Marriage.

We believe that the number of "unhappy marriages" is vastly overrated by nearly everybody. There is so much talk on the subject that it is easy to forget that for every instance of complaint there are thousands of beneficent and prosperous unions of which the world never hears. It is natural that wrong and outrage should demand attention, but men and women whose married life is full of good and helpfulness, do not often feel an impulse to go up and down the world defending the system under which they live.

Then again we have long been convinced that the fundamental thought or idea of most of these reformers is an error, and a most mischievous one. What is an "unhappy marriage?" What is a happy one? Most people who complain of the present system of marriage show clearly that they think that the chief evils and unhappiness in the lives of men and women who are "not happily married" result from marriage itself or from what is false and bad in it. Their criticisms depend chiefly upon the notion that a proper union, a "happy marriage," would ensure a happy and prosperous life for nearly everybody. We think that most people are as "happy in marriage as they deserve to be—that they have about as much of good in it as they are capable of enjoying. Not everybody, of course, but we think this is true of the great majority of all the married people around us.

It is absurd to think that so much misery and wrong, so much selfishness and cruelty, so much that is low, animal and unlovely in the lives of men and women results from their being "mismated." In most cases there is no possible mating that could make the joint life much better. These men and women are undeveloped, selfish, exacting. They have undisciplined tempers, and they are accustomed to think of "happiness" for themselves as the chief end of marriage. No magic of "mating" would make the life of such people very high or perfect. In fact, as things now are, marriage is the source and nurse of many of the best qualities in the lives of most men and women. We think there is nothing plainer than the fact that the average tendency and effect of marriage is beneficial and elevating. Looking at men and women as they are, we think it wonderful that marriage does so much for them, and has such power to lift up their lives to light and beauty.

Our reformers trust too much to specific treatment for particular evils. The real problem is far deeper and more difficult. There are no short roads to happiness, or to any kind of heaven on earth, or anywhere else. The men and women who marry must somehow acquire thoughtfulness, self-control, consideration for others, patience, and the other qualities without which life is unendurable in any relation we know of; and we know of nothing so well adapted to accomplish this work of education as marriage itself. It is not by any direct effort to improve marriage that any real reform is to be brought about, but by the gradual instruction and advancement of the people themselves in knowledge and virtue, and in all that makes up excellence of character. We believe that marriage and parentage are indispensable methods of education for the race.

Of course we are in favor of any change in the laws which define the property rights of married people which may in any case be required by justice and right, and of any measures that may be needed to remove obstructions which hinder the free and natural working of the system of marriage; but we cannot make the social relations of men and women much better, except by the elevation of the men and women themselves.—*Liberal Christian.*

LINES.

BY ALICE CARY.

Of all the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all:
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below;

Not for the milk-white lilies
That lean from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland,
Where the bright red berries rest;
Nor the pinks, nor the pale, sweet cowslip,
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep:
In the lap of that olden forest
He lieth in peace asleep.
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers—
The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And one of the autumn eves
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face;
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth best of all.

Is Dancing Lawful?

A Presbyterian paper, the *Examiner and Chronicle*, says that plain dancing, at proper places, and seasonable hours, is no longer condemned by all "evangelical" Christians. It says:—

"H. H., writing from Connecticut, inquires of us, to 'what extent is dancing regarded as admissible among Baptists and Presbyterians?' And 'are croquet and skating to be classed with dancing?' The last two cannot be classed with the first, for these are out-door, muscular sports, which, when not carried to excess, give recreation, health, and vigor to all engaging in them. Our impression is, that the number of Baptists or Presbyterians who deem croquet and skating inadmissible is very small.

"As to dancing, there are wider differences of opinion. Some Christian people regard dancing as evil, and only evil, in all its forms. They place it in the same category as theatre-going and horse-racing, and denounce it as an outrage on propriety and morality. But our impressions are, that in both the denominations referred to, sharp lines of distinction are usually drawn between forms of dancing. *Balls, dancing-parties*, and what are called the *round* or *fancy* dances, are, so far as we know, very generally disapproved, as not only inconsistent with a Christian profession, but as injurious to health and morals. But what are called the *square* or *plain* dances, such as the lancers, cotillons, and quadrilles, when *limited to seasonable hours* and *private parlors*, are, to a wide extent, either approved or tolerated, among Christian families, in cities and larger towns; and we are inclined to think it by no means uncommon for the same view to be taken in more rural communities. It is regarded by such families as a pleasant and graceful recreation, more enjoyable and in better taste than the games once so common in social gatherings."

The Pronunciation of Latin.

We read that there has been a meeting of schoolmasters (in England) to consider the propriety of changing the pronunciation of Latin, as heretofore customary in public schools and at the Universities. The question has long been agitated amongst scholars, but never satisfactorily solved. We English have our own way of pronouncing the language of Horace and Cicero; foreign nations have theirs—naturally, altogether different; although it is an error to assume that the foreign pronunciation of Latin is uniform. To some extent this is the case, as in the pronunciation of the vowels *a*, *e*, and *i*—*a* being pronounced as *ah*, *e* as *a*, and *i* as *e*. But here the parallel ceases. French, Germans, Italians, all pronounce Latin—with the single exception of the vowels—according to the rules which guide the pronunciation of their own several languages. Thus, the Italians adopt the national pronunciation of the *c* when followed by the vowels *e* and *i*, and pronounce it as the soft *ch*, and prefix a hard *c* before the *h* when following the vowel *i*, as in *mihi* or *nihil*, which they pronounce as if the *h* were preceded in both cases by a *k*. Again, they pronounce *au* as we pronounce *ou* in "our"—saying, for instance, *louda* for *lauda*. The *j*, also, they never admit, but always pronounce it as *i*. The French, on the other hand, retain their national pronunciation of all these letters, as well as of the *u*, which the Italians pronounce *oo*. We cannot, therefore, very well see that any serious alteration in our own time-honored system of Latin pronunciation can do much good. Latin is a dead language; and, for all practical purposes, the old usage would seem to be as serviceable as any new one. We shall not make any sounder or more exact scholars by any innovation which may be adopted; and, certainly, it grates uncomfortably on the ears of "old boys" when they hear the name of their familiar Cicero given out as "Kikero;" and *scilicet*, forsooth, as "skilliket."—*London "Once a Week."*

AT NIGHTFALL.

When, in the evening's solitude,
My thought has leisure to be free,
The purer life, the higher mood,
The nobler purpose wakes in me.

But, in the cares that through the day
Constrain the mind from hour to hour,
The nobler purpose fades away,
Grows faint, and loses all its power.

So some pure star's excelling ray,
With all the beauty of its light,
Is hidden by the glare of day,
And only shines with fall of night.

Husbands and Wives.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY BERTIE BRUCE.

"Are you going out again, dear?" said pretty Mrs. Hart to her husband, as, rising from the tea-table, he went to the hat-rack, and taking therefrom his hat, twirled it about before putting it on.

"Yes, my dear, I have an engagement to meet a gentleman on business," he replied, buttoning his coat up to the neck.

"O you always have something to take you out; I thought we could have a cosey evening at home," said the wife, with a slight petulance, though sadly too.

"Why, my dear, what would you have? Here you have music, the last novel, the latest magazines; have you not enough to amuse you for a few hours? You need not wait up, by-the-by; it will probably be late before we get through," and touching her forehead with his lips, he was gone.

Mrs. Hart returned slowly to the sitting-room, arranged and rearranged the furniture, and at length seated herself in a luxurious chair, put her feet upon the fender, and took up the last novel. But neither golden-haired angel nor raven-haired sinner had interest for her, and wearily closing the book, she fell into a sad revery. She spent many evenings thus, for her husband, a fair type of the modern Benedict, was a "business man," and had little time, or imagined that he had, to give to his wife.

The time-piece on the mantel struck eight; an idea occurred to her, and rising hastily, she rang the bell for her maid. In a few moments she appeared.

"Annette," said her mistress, "tell Thomas to have the carriage at the door in an hour, and then you come and dress me; I am going out."

The girl silently obeyed, and Mrs. Hart, turning the gas low, left the room, and entering her dressing-room, began to make her toilet. The dark hair was curled and braided, the soft silk, covered with softer lace, swept around her, while jewels gleamed upon neck and arms. Bidding Annette tell her master, in case he returned before she did, that she had gone to Mrs. Elder's party, she entered the carriage and rolled away.

Mrs. Elder's large parlors were crowded, and dancing had already begun when Mrs. Hart entered, upon the arm of her host. Her hostess met her in the centre of the room, and greeting her cordially, turned to a gentleman at her side, saying gayly:

"Ernest, I will confide to your care my friend, Mrs. Hart; allow me, my dear, to present my cousin, Mr. Cloud; be sure you return her to me unscathed, as I am responsible for her," and turned away to greet new-comers.

"Do you like these assemblies, Mrs. Hart?" were the first words he addressed to her, as they made their way slowly to a sofa, upon which she seated herself, while he stood near.

"Only as a relief from utter loneliness; a crowd, though not so welcome as one or a few choice friends, is still to be preferred to solitude," replied Mrs. Hart, unconscious that she was giving those keen blue eyes a peep into her inner life and griefs.

"'Solitude' and 'loneliness' for you! you should not know their meaning," with a look that conveyed a bolder flattery than even did his words.

"Perhaps I should not; if I do, it is probably my own fault," she rejoined with a light laugh.

"Why your own fault? You do not look like one to whom society is displeasing."

"You flatter; my tastes are domestic, and I prefer a quiet evening at home with books, music, and a choice friend, to these gay scenes; it may be bad taste in me, but is true, nevertheless."

"I understand and sympathize with you, but it is rarely that a lady whose attractions fit her to shine in society prefers to twinkle by her own fireside for the benefit of one poor mortal."

"And still more rarely does the 'poor mortal' for whom she 'twinkles' appreciate her self-sacrifice and profit by it," said a gay voice at his elbow; and turning, he met the bright eyes and mischievous smile of Nellie Hart, cousin of Harry.

"Here is Cousin Helen, moping at her own fireside, evening after evening, with the idea, instilled into her by her excellent mother, that home is 'woman's sphere,' that nowhere does she shine to so much advantage as in her own home, so she dutifully dresses herself in her prettiest home-dresses, tidies up the sitting-room, lays out Harry's wrapper and slippers, meets him with a kiss, pours out his tea, and, in a word, faithfully performs all the duties of a good wife, as laid down for her by Dr. Todd and the rest of them. Harry comes in with a preoccupied look upon his face, touches his lips to Helen's forehead, swallows his tea behind the 'Bulletin' or 'Telegraph,' and is up and has his hat on again before Helen has had time to say half a dozen words to him. He works harder than any drayman or laborer in the city, for after plodding all day in that dingy office, he is obliged, poor fellow, to attend elections for officers of the 'League,' or his 'Lodge' requires his presence, or there is a meeting of the Gold Board, and between it all, Helen sees less of him than she did before their marriage."

"Really, Miss Nell, you seem to know all about it," laughed Mr. Cloud.

"I *do* know all about it, and have profited so well by that knowledge that when *I* marry, I intend to look out for a fortune, and let love alone."

"Not you indeed! How about that young Galen, who finds you such an interesting patient, and withal so delicate, that he must needs see you at least once a day?"

"Nonsense," exclaimed Nell, with a blush and a laugh," do you suppose I am so far behind the age as to marry a man whose worldly possessions are limited to his horse, carriage, and case of surgical instruments? Not I, indeed! Women who marry for love find after marriage, that they have married for money after all, without knowing it, for they get little else, but I am going to do it with my eyes wide open, and then I shall

not be disappointed," and laughing gayly, she left them.

"Do you agree with your merry cousin, Mrs. Hart?" said Cloud.

"Not entirely, though there is much truth in what she says; men too often forget that wives who love them would often gladly exchange the new bonnet or dress that is considered a panacea for all their griefs, for their society."

"The trouble is," said an elderly gentleman who had come up, and heard the last remark, "the trouble is that women do not try to fit themselves to become companions for their husbands, and that men, finding their homes dull and insipid, are driven out into the world for amusement and entertainment. Women are so engrossed by fashion, so utterly frivolous, that no man with a mind above the tie of his cravat, can enjoy their society."

"But my dear uncle," said Neil, again dancing up to them," have you or any one decided yet which is cause and which effect." Don't you believe that women would be less light and frivolous if they had more of men's society; that of intelligent, well-informed men like yourself, for instance?" looking saucily up into his face.

"Yes," said a tall, dignified, middle-aged lady, who now joined the group, "if they had more such society, they would not so often be driven to the fashion-plates and the ball-room for amusement. Men manage their wives as Napoleon managed the French; they seem to think that they must be kept amused and diverted, to prevent their thinking too deeply upon their condition. Of course there is some sense in it, as if women came to investigate too closely, there might be danger of insurrection and rebellion, but when women have been reduced to the condition of children, men should not complain of them as unfit for their society, as they are precisely what they have made them."

"Yes uncle," said Neil, "how are we to fit ourselves to be your companions without incurring the odium attaching to 'blue-stockings' and 'strong-mindedness' and all other conditions so abhorred by your sex? You *know* that you all love the pretty simpletons who couldn't tell you, if their lives depended upon it, whether Andromache was Hector's wife or his mother, or whether Dante wrote the 'Inferno' or 'Paradise Lost;' and you know further that you *detest*, yes detest is the word, all women whose love exceeds an acquaintance with Miss Leslie's cook-book, or who are not content to spend all their days in sewing on buttons, darning socks, and singing cradle-songs."

"Not so fast," cried Cloud, "There are exceptions, Miss Neil; I for one have no taste for your 'simpletons,' and had rather go without buttons and eat cold dinners all my life, than live with one of them."

"The husbands of the 'simpletons' as you call them, frequently have to do both," quietly observed the middle-aged lady, "as they are usually found to be the most devoted slaves to fashion, and the most neglectful of the claims of husbands and children."

"Well suppose we see what the rest of the company are doing to amuse themselves," said Neil, as she waltzed away from them and the conclave broke up.

Later, Mrs. Hart bade farewell to her hostess, was shawled and hooded by Mr. Cloud, gallantly conducted to her carriage, carefully placed therein. Wearily she leaned back, and closed her eyes, and wondered whether Harry had returned. A few moments, and the carriage stopped at her own door, and she entered the library to find it as she had left it, except that the fire had burned down.

Hurrying up to her room and waking the sleeping maid, she sent her to bed and began to disrobe.

In a few moments she heard his key in the door, and a moment later he entered the room, expressing surprise that she was still up.

"I just arrived home myself," said Mrs. Hart.

"Why where have you been?"

"To Mrs. Elder's party."

"Sure enough, I forgot all about it: why did you not remind me?"

"I forgot it myself until after you had gone—and feeling lonely, I concluded to go and be amused if not instructed."

"And were you?"

"Both."

"Amused and instructed?"

"Yes."

"What amused you?"

"Seeing people trying to 'make believe' they were enjoying themselves; seeing Mrs. Smith, the green grocer's grand-daughter, assuming an air of exclusiveness and hauteur to people whose parents had honored the said grandfather by purchasing their lettuces and cabbages of him; seeing Mrs. Jones's attempts to snub Miss Waters on account of her father's failure, and *her* failure to accomplish the said snubbing; and other things, too numerous to mention."

"And what instructed you, dear?"

"A discussion between Cousin Nell, Uncle Charles, Mrs. Gray, and Mr. Cloud, as to the causes for husbands absenting themselves from home so often, and compelling wives to find entertainment where and how they can," quietly replied Mrs. Har.

"And what conclusion did they come to?" asked Harry, with a keen glance at her face, as he sought to read there any hidden meaning which her words might have.

"They came to no conclusion of course; two women against two men, could do nothing except disagree."

"And what conclusion did you come to, dear?" asked Harry.

"I hardly know; Uncle Charles says that men go abroad for the entertainment which their wives are incapable of furnishing by reason of their frivolity and devotion to fashion; Cousin Nell retorts by saying that women would not be so frivolous if men would give them more of their society—and further, that women can't fit themselves for companionship with men, without incurring the stigma of 'strongmindedness,' which all men abhor, that men prefer 'simpletons' who know nothing to intelligent women, and detest women who know anything but housekeeing and nursing. Mr. Cloud says he had rather go buttonless and eat cold dinners all his life, than live with one of those 'simpletons,' while Mrs. Gray says that men manage their wives as Napoleon managed the French,—keep them amused and diverted, to prevent troublesome thoughts upon their condition, and consequent rebellion."

"And what do you think, dear?" again asked Harry.

"I think I would not have gone out to-night, if you had remained at home with me," she said, smiling up in his face.

"But really it was unavoidable, Helen; I had an engagement to meet a gentleman—and business must be attended to before pleasure. How do you suppose I am to support this establishment and dress you as I do, without the closest attention to business?"

"You always say that, dear—and I always have to tell you that I would be satisfied with a plainer establishment and wardrobe, if I could have in exchange for them, more of your society."

"Nonsense; the love of dress is born in woman—and she *must* dress or die of envy and chagrin."

"Love of beauty and fitness may be innate in woman, but they may be attained at much less expense than is often incurred in producing ugliness and distortion. The rivalry between women is *not* as to beauty or fitness, but as to cost—and this is a rivalry that no cultivated woman could engage in. I agree with Mrs. Gray, that if women were more highly cultivated, they would spend less money upon mere glitter and display; and husbands would consequently have more time to enjoy the society of their families."

"Now, dear, *don't you* get 'strong-minded," or you will lose half your charms for me; I love you as you are; you are the dearest, most dutiful of wives—and I would not have you know one whit more than you do."

Life went on much as usual in the Hart Mansion. Harry came and went, leaving his wife alone many evenings—though lately she was not always alone, Mr. Cloud dropped in more and more frequently, sometimes to return a book, sometimes to bring a piece of music; for he had discovered that Mrs. Hart was a fine vocalist, and that her fine soprano voice accorded wonderfully with his tenor. They thus spent many evenings at the piano, that would otherwise have been lonely for Helen—and she began to look forward with pleasure to his coming. Danger she never dreamed of; she was conscious only of great enjoyment of the music, and of his conversation. It would be difficult to determine Cloud's motives in seeking this gentle, innocent woman, who could be nothing to him. Vanity, perhaps, or more probably, because it amused him.

Harry usually found her at home and alone when he came in, but when he did not he made no complaint, and found no fault. Late one evening as he sat in the reading-room at his club-house with a paper in his hand, near a half-open door, he heard voices in the next room, but paid no attention until he heard his wife's name mentioned in a tone that instantly struck him as flippant, if not disrespectful. He remained silent a moment, intending to walk in and confront the speaker, in whose voice he recognized a notorious *roue*. The other was a stranger to him. The words which attracted his attention seemed to have been spoken in answer to a question, and were:

"That fair woman in blue in the first box to the right? That was Mrs. Hart, Harry Hart's wife. Beauty, isn't she? Cloud seems to think so."

"Then that was not her husband?" said the other.

"No indeed; her husband sees as little of her as any man in town, I suppose. Cloud takes her everywhere. Harry is devoted to money-making, and lets his pretty wife amuse herself in her own way. Some day he will find his bird flown, I am afraid."

Harry waited to hear no more, but dashing down his paper he strode out of the house, and hailed the first car that passed.

After he had left home that morning, Helen had received a note from Cloud, containing a request to be honored by her company to the opera that night. She sent back an answer, signifying her acceptance, and they had gone accordingly. On their arrival home, finding the parlor cold they had gone back to the library, where a fire burned in the grate. Helen stood before the fire, leaning partly on the mantel, while with one hand she relieved herself of her hood. Cloud gallantly took it from her and laid it on a chair, and returning to her side, deliberately placed his arm about her waist, and bending over, kissed her on the lips. Helen sprang back, looked a moment in his face, and with a voice choked by indignation, burst out with, "Mr. Cloud, do you know who and what I am?"

"Yes indeed! you are a very charming lady, and I admire you above all the women I know," he said with a smile and half sneer.

Helen burst into tears, and throwing herself upon a sofa, sobbed and wept bitterly.

This scene had been witnessed by a third party. Harry had entered unobserved, and was midway between the parlor door and the library when Cloud kissed Helen, so that he took in its meaning at once. With one stride he reached Cloud's side, and raising his cane laid it heavily over his back and shoulders, the latter backing to the door until he reached the hall, when he turned and rushed down the steps.

Turning to Helen, who still sobbed convulsively, he said gently:

"Helen, what have you done or said to encourage that scoundrel.

"I don't know, I am sure," sobbed Helen, "I never meant to—I never dreamed of this."

"Did he ever attempt to kiss you before this?"

"Never! He always treated me with the greatest respect."

"Has he been visiting you in my absence?"

"He came to sing duets sometimes, and took me to the opera once or twice, but I thought you knew and approved."

"Were you to the opera to-night?"

"Yes."

Harry said no more, and never alluded to it again, but if Helen had received a lesson, so had he, and one that was heeded. He took pains to be seen out with her as much as possible, and in time the gossips found other game.

A Word to Girls.

The woman who is indifferent to her looks is no true woman. God meant woman to be attractive, to look well, to please, and it is one of her duties to carry out this intention of her Maker. But that dress is to do it all, and to suffice, is more than I can be brought to believe. Just because I do love to see girls look well, as well as live to some purpose, I would urge upon them such a course of reading and study as will confer such charms as no modiste can supply. N. P. Willis wrote once a very pretty paragraph on the power of education to beautify. That it absolutely chiselled the features; that he had seen many a clumsy nose and thick pair of lips so modified by thought awakened and active sentiment as to be unrecognizable. And he put it on that ground that we so often see people, homely and unattractive in youth, bloom in middle life into a softened Indian summer of good looks and mellow tones.

WAXWORKS;

OR, THE POLISH COUNTESS.

FROM CHAMBERS'S LONDON JOURNAL.

PART I.

I was almost sorry to leave Volotchna, often as I had looked forward to the ending of what I considered as my exile in that far-away place. That exile was over now, and at an earlier date than I had had any right to anticipate when first I accepted the appointment. I was going home—home to England, home to Lucy Allen, my dear patient little Lucy, the memory of whose gentle face and loving constancy had cheered me through many a day of lonely toil.

This was how matters stood. I, Henry Masterson Gray, B. A. and Civil Engineer, had for the last two years been intrusted with the management of some valuable copper mines, situated among the southern spurs of the Ural, on the boundary-line between Europe and Asia. These mines were the property of a wealthy Russian landowner, Prince Theodore Galitzkin, whose habit it was to spend the summer at his chateau of Ak-Volotchna, which was my residence both in summer and in winter. A greater contrast could hardly be imagined than that which the mansion afforded when seen under its fair-weather aspect, basking under a blue sky, shaded by leafy trees, swarming with servants, and full of guests, to its own desolate look when the German steward and I, each in his separate suite of apartments, were left as its sole tenants. Then the stables stood empty, the babbling fountains were silent, the flowers were gone, and the music hushed, and not a sound broke the stillness except the savage shriek of the snow-wind, as it tore down upon us from the passes of the Ural, or the roar and rush of the streams, turned to torrents by the melting of the drifts upon peak and plateau.

The property had improved under my management, and the old prince expressed more than a conventional regret at my determination to return to England. On this point, however, there could be no hesitation. A vacancy had somewhat suddenly presented itself in a certain widely-known firm of civil engineers, of which my Uncle Masterson was one of the principals. This was to me a piece of good luck not to be neglected, since it would not only procure me an immediate increase of income, but a share, although a small one, in the profits of the firm. The house of Pearce, Masterson, and Pearce, in which I had now the prospect of becoming a junior partner, was a thriving one. In another year, at the farthest, Lucy and I might venture, without rashness, to bring our long engagement to a happy conclusion.

In two days more, then, I was to start from Ak-Volotchna. Indeed my departure had been delayed in order that I might give the surveyor, who had arrived to succeed me in my post, some practical insight into the working of the mines; the accounts, too, had been gone through, and nothing now remained but to instal my successor in his office. And yet, glad as I was to avail myself of the stroke of good fortune that had so opportunely befallen me, I was by no means in high spirits as I set off to walk to the mines, where I was to meet Mr. Hammond, the new superintendent. We all feel more or less of regret at leaving any spot with which we can connect pleasant associations, and the more so if we have worked, and worked well, there. And I had worked hard and not unsuccessfully at Volotchna, doing all I could to improve the machinery, to discipline the half-barbarous workmen, and to introduce order and neatness into a place where, at my first coming, I had found a chaos of wasteful and slovenly confusion.

I took a short cut across the pleasure-grounds, crossing the bridge of unbarked pine-trees that spanned the narrowest part of the artificial lake, on which a whole fleet of snow-white swans rode majestically like so many frigates at anchor, and pursuing the smoothly-rolled path beneath the huge horse-chestnut trees, which in South Russia attain a remarkable luxuriance. As I approached the verge of the demesne, the sound of a soft voice uttering my name made me start, and turning my head I recognized a young Polish countess, who had for the last two months been a visitor at the chateau.

"I see, Mr. Gray," she said, half-jestingly, half, as it seemed to me, in sorrow, "that you have forgotten us already. Your thoughts are far away, in England I suppose, even before you bid us good-by."

Handsome as the Countess Pauline Lewinski was, it was not so much the beauty of her face that was apt to haunt one's recollection, as a nameless fascination, which some few women possess as their birthright. She was a delicate, slender, little fairy of a creature, with a clear, dark complexion that suited well with the raven blackness of her hair and the lustre of her eyes; but her chief charm was the winning softness of her manner, combined with a pensive melancholy that had an interest of its own. I knew very little about her beyond the fact, that I had heard her described as a rich heiress, and as being possessed of considerable estates in Volhynia and Podolia, as well as in Crown Poland. From some fragments of conversation, accidentally overheard while among the other guests, I gathered, too, that she had been early left a widow. That there was some invisible barrier between her and the Russian visitors, some cold reserve, some mutual mistrust, I could plainly see. Indeed she had been the first to call my attention to the circumstance that there was no real communion of ideas between herself and the majority of the company, but mere cautious politeness and lip-service.

"It is because I am a Pole," she said sadly: "they cannot forget it, nor can I. And yet I am surely not such a very dangerous personage that they should shun me as they do. I do not mean to undermine the throne of their czar, I am sure. Only the dear old princess, who has Polish blood in her veins, cares for me; and it is because I have known her and loved her ever since I was a child, that I stay here."

Perhaps I was prejudiced in favor of the countess on account of the good-will which she always evinced towards myself; but it is a fact that, in her quiet way, she certainly did show a preference for my society, the more flattering to me that there were gathered under the roof of Ak-Volotchna several personages very much more highly placed in the world's regard than could be the case with a humble English surveyor. There were officers and diplomates, and one or two boyards, who, like Prince Theodore, were too wealthy to have been tempted into government employ; and there were members of the bureaucratic nobility, Tchinovniks, as the Russians call them, some of whom had been educated at Western universities, and were well informed, and fluent of speech. But the young countess, silent and reserved among these accomplished carpet-knights, talked to me with a frankness that had in it something that was very winning, and seemed never to tire of asking me questions concerning England and English customs, or of listening while I explained to her the chief characteristics of our national life.

The countess, I ought to say, was also about to leave the chateau, where her visit had already been a long one. She was to depart on the following day, as I well knew, and perhaps this circumstance may have prompted the tone of half-playful reproach in which she taxed me with forgetfulness of my friends at Ak-Volotchna.

"Indeed, no," I answered with a smile; "my thoughts were not so inconstant. I have had too many happy moments here to permit my leave-taking to be a matter of indifference to me, I can assure you."

"Yes," said the countess, looking down, as she pensively traced lines with the ivory ferule of her parasol in the smooth sand at her feet, "I should be sorry if that were so—sorry if you could forget us at once. My own path in life has not been crossed by many real friends, and I never can say farewell to one I have learned to like without a feeling that is—almost—painful. And this, too, is my last day here. I go home to-morrow very early."

How pretty she looked, with her graceful head bent down, with the long dark eyelashes drooping on the soft smooth cheek, while, with the point of her parasol, she continued to trace zigzag marks upon the sand. There was something so mournful in the music of her voice, that no one who had not a heart of stone could have refused to pity her evident unhappiness. Then, too, she was exquisitely well dressed, after the newest Paris fashion; those were the daintiest little kid-gloved hands that Jouvin ever had the honor of covering with pearl-gray leather; and the one small foot that peeped forth like a timid mouse from beneath the edge of the silken robe was adorned by the most bewitching tiny shoe, hardly big enough, one would have thought, for the wearing of a Cinderella.

There were a few moments of silence—of awkward silence, but I was loyal to Lucy. Very often, since that day, I have had reason to be thankful that this was so, and that the recollection of that dear girl at home in England, with her trust and faith in me, preserved me from an attempt to offer consolation to the countess, and to say what I should never have forgiven myself for saying. Most men, in my place, would have felt soft-hearted, and though I was sure that I was not in love with Countess Pauline—for did I not love Lucy?—yet I was sorry to part with her, and was moved by her present unhappiness. I was very much embarrassed; but, to my great relief, my fair Polish friend rallied her spirits by an effort, and began to talk more cheerfully, and almost in a sprightly manner. Yes, she said, it was quite right that I should go to England, and construct wonderful iron bridges, and tunnels, and works of all sorts, such as she, untravelled as she was, had always read of, as people read in Eastern tales of the prodigies performed by the djinns. And I should grow rich and famous, and perhaps go one day into that parliament, the nature of which I had been so kind and patient as to explain to her, and make noble speeches. Ah! she was sure that I could speak brilliantly, although my modesty led me to disown the power: a friend was the best judge. And one day, perhaps, who knew! we should meet again. But what she did particularly wish was, that, on my route home to England, I should pay her a flying visit, even if only for an hour or two, at her castle near Uczitzka. She should be so pleased if I could turn a little out of my road to see her before I left Russia.

Now it so happened that this same town of Uczitzka was scarcely out of my way at all, by the road by which I had elected to travel. It was easy for me, then, to promise that I would visit the house of Countess Pauline on my journey westward; and a group of guests, whose voices and light laughter reached us before we saw the flutter of hat feathers and ribbons, approaching the place where we stood, I took a hasty leave of the countess, and, passing through the wicket in front of me, got clear of the demesne, and hurried on with a quick step towards the mines.

Mr. Hammond, the new superintendent, was waiting for me, and we had to go through a somewhat lengthy round of business details, since he was naturally anxious to profit by my past experience with respect both to the workmen and the machinery; while I was desirous to prevent, as far as I could, Prince Theodore's sustaining any loss through the change of management. At last our labor was over, Mr. Hammond put up his note-book; and since he had no more questions to ask of me, I bade him good-by till dinner-time, and strolled off to call upon an acquaintance who lived hard by, and with whom I wished to exchange a friendly word before leaving Russia. This acquaintance was a stranger to the district, an eccentric old fellow, who was only known to me by the name of Zaul, and who lived alone in a solitary hut, gaining a precarious livelihood by collecting fossils.

There was something very odd and original about Zaul. The old man's shrewdness, his sturdy common-sense struggling with the gross ignorance which is the birthright of a Russian moujik, and his quaint style of talking, had amused me when first he came straying into the neighborhood with his wallet and hammer. Book-learning, I need hardly say, he knew nothing of, but his eye for a fossil-bearing rock was unerring, and I could believe him when he told me, that what he gleaned up in summer he could sell well in winter among the savants of Moscow and St. Petersburg. The nature of his explorings brought him frequently among the shafts and galleries of our copper and malachite mines; and at his first appearance I had been obliged to interfere for his protection, seeing that our superstitious miners were somewhat inclined to regard him as a possible wizard, and to treat him roughly. He soon, however, became a favorite with all of us, and was permitted to range the excavations at will, taking up his quarters in a deserted hut, formerly occupied by a woodman, where he dwelt alone. The hut was a rude construction, built of birch stems, and wattled with brushwood and clay, but it yielded a sufficient shelter.

To my surprise, on drawing near the hovel, which stood, I may remark, in a thick part of the wood, where the bushes came close up to the rustic walls, I found the door shut, which I had never before known to be the case unless when the occupant was abroad. And yet this could scarcely be, for as I drew near, my footfall making no sound on the soft moss that carpeted the earth, my ear caught the murmur of voices from within the cabin, conversing, as it seemed to me, in low but eager tones. At that moment, and as I was hesitating whether to knock or to retrace my steps, a dry hazel branch on which I trod, broke with a sharp, crackling noise, and immediately there ensued a dead silence in the hut, but not for more than a few seconds. Then I heard the familiar click, click of Zaul's hammer as it struck upon a stone, and I knew that the old man was within. I went up and tapped with my stick on the heavy door of the rough hewn oak.

As I knocked, I could have been almost certain that I heard a sound from within the hut like the rustling of a silk dress, oddly mingling with the clicking of the fossil collector's hammer; but when Zaul came to admit me, which he did an instant later, I found the old man alone. He made me welcome, as usual, and with no trace of embarrassment, giving me, as the place of honor, a rude three-legged stool, the only one he possessed, and calmly reseating himself on a log, with a heap of pebbles between his feet, and his hammer in his hand, according to custom. "I fancied you had company here, Zaul, and that I might be an intruder," said I laughingly: "my ears must have played me false if I did not hear voices, ay, and what seemed like the rustle of a lady's dress, as I came to your door." And as I spoke I threw a searching look about me, but only saw the accustomed objects—the low bed with its sheepskin counterpane, the few cooking utensils, the brick stove, the shelves, on which were ranged household gear and fossils, the pick and spade, the wood-pile, and beyond this, half-hidden, another door, which was much lower than that by which I had entered, but which was partly open, giving a glimpse of green boughs beyond. It was possible that some person might have left the hut by this door while I knocked at the other, but I could conceive no motive for such concealment.

Old Zaul burst into a chuckling laugh. "You must have been dreaming, English lord," he said, with evident enjoyment of my blunder. "I believe that I have, like other old fellows that live by themselves, got an ill trick of talking to myself over my work, just that my tongue may not get like the rusty clapper of an unused bell, that's all! And the rustle of a lady's dress, too! I daresay you heard one of my squirrels, poor things, scratching and scuttling in and out of the door as far as its chain would let it go. I keep the door open, behind the wood-pile where they live, on purpose that they may feel a little sunshine. You must have better ears than mine, though, Gospodan—but then you are young."

This explanation was surely enough to satisfy any reasonable man. I knew that the old fellow, in addition to his regular occupation, was expert at trapping and taming squirrels, marmots, and other small animals, which, as he told me, were in demand as pets in the cities of Russia, and that he was never without a stock of these four-footed captives.

"Well, well," grumbled the old hermit, as he kept intermittently tapping with his hammer among the rounded pebbles at his feet; "things must change. So you are going away from Russia, English lord? I'm sorry, but I don't wonder overmuch. If I were like you, a grand foreign gentleman, I suppose I should soon be off too, to amuse myself, where the sun always shines."

"You are mistaken, my old friend," I answered, laughing, "and on more points than one. In the first place, the sun does not always shine in England, for which I start on Wednesday. Next, I am not by any means going to amuse myself, but to work hard—harder, most likely, than you have seen me do here. Lastly, as I have told you pretty often, I am no lord, little or great, as you Russians will insist on calling every Englishman who comes among you."

The old man glanced queerly up at me through his horn-rimmed spectacles. An odd figure he was, gnarled and bent like the root of an old tree, and wearing, in spite of the heat of the weather, a greasy caftan of black wool, and the high boots of soft leather, lined with sheepskin, which form the most conspicuous portion of a Muscovite peasant's attire. In the milder climate of Red Russia, and in summer, these garments seemed inappropriate, but Zaul was from the north, and he was obstinate in adhering to the costume of his native province. Altogether, with his staring spectacles, his bent body, his aquiline nose, and the bushy masses of his white hair and ragged beard, he reminded me of some great snowy owl in its winter plumage.

"Yes, yes," he said, with a chuckle worthy of Diogenes, "one may tell a calf from a bear, though both are much of a color. *You* are free to come and go, without clapping silver ointment on the palm of every policeman you meet. *You* need not stand cap in hand before the steward. The magistrate, who would order old Zaul twenty blows with a stick for the merest trifle, dares not lay a finger upon *you*. You are a lord, then, Mr. Gray, and a scholar too, and know fine Greek and Latin names for the dried dragons, and lizards, and shell-fish that poor old Zaul hunts out of stone-quarries, to sell to Moscow gentry that are wiser than he is."

On my way back to the chateau, I found that my thoughts strayed, somehow, from Zaul to the young countess, and from the countess back to Zaul, in a manner, and with a persistency, that surprised me. There was no conceivable connection of ideas in such a case. No two people could be more dissimilar than the shrewd, dogged old peasant, whose half cynical, half-kindly humor had often amused and interested me, and the graceful heiress of an illustrious race, lapped in luxury from the cradle upwards, and whose natural charms were heightened by the refined and tender melancholy of her manner. She and old Zaul were as wide apart as the poles. And yet, in some inexplicable way, my truant fancy could not dwell on the image of the beautiful Pauline without evoking that of the grotesque old hermit of the rocks, whom I had just left in his solitude.

When I reached the White Castle, I found, to my surprise, that the huge courtyard was crowded with soldiers, some of whom were unsaddling and picketing their horses, while others whose carabines and accoutrements lay piled in heaps beside the walls, were bustling with their cooking-tins and camp-kettles around the bright fires that they had kindled in every convenient nook, intent on the preparation of their afternoon meal. The disturbed state of the country, as I presently remembered, accounted for the arrival of this detachment of cavalry, since the dangerous epidemic of incendiarism was beginning to spread, and malicious burnings

and wanton destruction of property were no longer, as had till lately been the case, confined to the northern or Muscovite portion of Russia. Recently, within the limits of the government in which Ak-Volotchna stood, several outrages of this kind had been committed, and that with absolute impunity, for the authorities could obtain no direct evidence. Public rumor alternately laid the blame of these deeds on the newly freed serfs, who were notoriously discontented with the land ukase by which the czar had provided for their maintenance, and who were bitterly disappointed in the bright hopes which they had entertained as to the immediate results of the change; and on the Polish soldiers in Russian regiments, the latter of whom were exasperated by the severity with which the late Polish insurrection had been suppressed.

At any rate, whether Poles or mutinous mozjiks were at the bottom of the late mischief, immense damage and a widespread feeling of insecurity had been the chief results; and detachments of troops were scouring the country, to protect loyal landholders, and to overawe, or, if possible, to apprehend, the incendiaries. The officers of the squadron were guests at the prince's dinner-table, and indeed had gladly availed themselves of their host's hospitable proposal that they should be lodged under his roof. They were four in number: two wasp-waisted young subalterns, whose minds, such as they were, seemed filled with the hope of an early return to the ball-rooms and cafés of the capital; a bluff pink-faced captain; and a major with grizzled hair, and a keen face like that of a ferret. The last was a silent man, with a peculiarly stealthy fashion of looking about him. I saw him start, though very slightly, when he heard the old prince address Countess Pauline Lewinski by name; and more than once during the evening I saw him direct a sidelong glance towards her; but he took little part in the conversation, and left the task of amusing the company to his juniors.

Nothing remarkable occurred in the course of that evening. There was music, as usual, and there was dancing; but neither the Countess Pauline nor myself took any active share in the amusements of the hour. The beautiful young Pole passed most of her time beside the good old Princess Galitzkin, and endured more of the conversation of that estimable but prosy old lady than I had ever known her previously to do. The Russian major hovered near her, and I think he spoke to her once, but she seemed not to hear him. She and I scarcely exchanged a word; and I fancied, unreasonable as the supposition might be, that she purposely avoided any appearance of intimacy with myself while under the observation of the Russian officers.

On the following morning, I was up early, and was one of the few friends who surrounded the carriage-door when the fair young countess, in the prettiest of summer travelling costumes, came tripping down the marble steps, leaning on the arm of old Prince Theodore himself. Summer was on the wane, and in that elevated region the nights and early mornings were already chilly; but the prince was an urbane gentleman of the old school, and he came shivering out to bid good speed to his beautiful guest. Then the shawls were all stowed away, the straps of the imperial adjusted, the postillions were in their saddles, the courier clambered into the rumble, where the countess's maid sat with that peculiar expression of discontent on her features that only such Abigails can assume, and the leave-takings were hurriedly got through. Long after the carriage and its four loosely harnessed steeds had vanished in a cloud of dust, I found myself recalling the light, yet lingering pressure of the soft little hand in its pearl-gray glove—the pensive, fawn-like glance of the dark eyes that met mine for the last time, and the earnestness of the parting words, commonplace as they were: "Remember your promise to come and see me on your way home."

I am not, I hope, of a fickle or deceitful disposition. I am sure that I was never untrue in thought to my dear little Lucy, at home in England, during all the time of my acquaintance with my dark-eyed Polish friend. It was Lucy whom I loved with my whole heart, and yet I felt somehow the charm of Pauline's friendship, and was flattered, very likely, by her apparent preference for myself. At any rate, I reflected that life at Ak-Volotchna would be insufferably dreary without her, and was doubly glad to remember that I, too, was immediately to leave it for a more bustling scene of action. As I turned to re-enter the house, I saw, half-hidden among a number of flowering shrubs, that Russian major who looked like a ferret. He was eyeing me narrowly, and with something of a sardonic grin upon his ugly mouth; but the expression vanished in an instant, and he strolled away towards the bivouac of his men, leisurely lighting his cigar, nor did he affect to take any particular notice of me when we met at breakfast.

On the following day, towards noon, I left Ak-Volotchna, travelling in a less pretentious style, I need hardly say, than that which had suited the wealth and rank of the Countess Pauline. The old prince and princess were very kind and gracious at parting, and I drove off in the midst of waving handkerchiefs and hearty wishes of a *bon voyage*. But, as I have often remembered since, the last countenance I beheld was that of the ferret-faced major, and it wore the same sneering expression that I had noticed with displeasure on the previous day. For a moment I felt angry, but only for a moment. What could it signify to me? I should never see the man again. So I forgot him, and drove on.

PART II.

After a journey which would have been tedious had not my interest in the future railway given a zest to my explorings which they would otherwise have lacked, I crossed the deep and turbid waters of the Bug, and entered on the more hilly region bordering on the Dniester. My note-book was already crammed with memoranda relating to the prices of food and labor, the resources and the shortcomings of the country which I had traversed, and I looked forward with pleasure to my arrival, laden with statistics, at the London offices of Pearce and partners. I was approaching the Austrian frontier, and should soon be out of Russia.

"Whoop! stand still, my pigeons! Quiet, then, you brutes, worse than a Turk! stand still, or I'll slash your hides to ribbons!" screeched out my Cossack postillion, reining up his half-broken nags very sharply and suddenly, as another vehicle came spinning round a corner of the deep-banked sandy road, and drew up as abruptly in front of us. After a moment or two, the rough-coated post-horses were induced to leave off stamping and rearing, and the drivers of both the kibitkas, jumping from their seats, flung down their whips upon the sand, and coming cap in hand to the side of each carriage, begged that Our Excellencies would graciously allow the usual exchange of horses, since St. Nicholas and St. Sophia had thrown a bit of good luck in the way of the poor men who drove them.

It is customary in Russian travelling to permit the postillions, when they meet on the road a carriage with the same number of horses, to exchange duties with one another. The drivers are always clamorously suppliant to be permitted this indulgence, since it enables them to return home half a day earlier than could otherwise be the case, and few travellers are churlish enough to refuse. On this occasion, "Our Excellencies" gave a willing consent; and while the process of undoing the knots of the undressed leather harness went on, we both alighted, and, to my surprise, I found myself addressed by my name, and recognized a young Russian gentleman who had been a guest at Prince Theodore's chateau a year before. Anatole Orloff was no bad specimen of the class to which he belonged, the curled darlings of the far-off capital on the cold banks of the Neva, and was a poor cadet of one of the greatest families in Russia. This communicative young gentleman mentioned that he was on his way back to the scene of his official labors, after a brief leave of absence, which he had employed in visiting, with mercenary views, which he avowed in the frankest manner, an uncle of his who lived in the government of Mobilev. "The old general never forgave my leaving the army," said Anatole between the whiffs of his cigar; "as if a fellow of any sense would care to spend his life in marching and drilling. He told me that my natural affection grew warmest when my funds were lowest, and, so far, I couldn't contradict him; but when the old skinflint gave me but twenty naps at parting, the thing was beyond a joke. And he has no son of his own, and has a fine estate close to the Lewinski property, at Uezitzka."

Lewinski! Uezitzka! The words came upon me with somewhat the effect of a reproach, for the truth was that the stir and bustle of the journey, and my own eagerness to collect local information for the behoof of the firm, had fairly driven out of my head both the image of the beautiful countess, and my own repeated pledge to pay her a visit on my homeward route. It now occurred to me that I was in the immediate neighborhood of her place of residence, and that it would be positively uncourteous to pass her very gate, as it were, without paying her the compliment of a call.

At last the postillions had done their work of changing teams; the primitive harness was adjusted; the drivers had relighted their pipes, and had taken, each of them, a valedictory sip of brandy from the gourd which one of the two carried; and now they twitched off their caps, and declared themselves ready to be off, if our noble Excellencies permitted the resuming of the journey. So M. Anatole and I shook hands, and said something about our hopes of a future meeting, and got into our respective kibitkas, while the fiery little horses began to paw the sand, and to neigh shrilly, and manifest, in their half-tamed fashion, their petulant impatience to start.

"By-the-by," called out the Russian exquisite, "I forgot to tell you something that I read in a newspaper this very morning. Have I got the paper with me? I thought I had," he added, making search among the heap of cloaks and dressing-bags and sketch-books that lay at his feet; "but it concerns our friends at the White Castle. The police, or the military, found out a whole nest of Polish plotters close to Ak-Volotchna, and sent them off in irons to be tried at Kourak. But they missed one very important capture, that of a dangerous sort of person, the mainspring of the whole conspiracy, and who was lucky enough to get clear off. He was hiding, in the disguise of a —" But on this point I was not destined for the moment to be enlightened; for just then the shaggy little horses plunged so furiously, that M. Anatole was cut short in his narrative; and with a farewell wave of his hand to me, he said a word in Russian to his postillion, and off we both went in opposite directions, spurning up the sand at a brisk hand-gallop.

On that day I dined at Mobilev, and pushing on at fair speed, and taking advantage of the bright moonlight, reached the town of Uezitzka by bed-time. My first inquiry was as to whether the Countess Pauline was at her country-house near the town, my second as to the probable date of the arrival of the steamer up the Dniester. The innkeeper was able to reply satisfactorily to both questions. The illustrious Countess Pauline Lewinski was, he said, at present in her chateau, only two versts from Uezitzka. Her cousin, the canoness, was with her. If My Excellency would write a note, it should be delivered as early as I pleased in the morning; he, the host, would take care of that. If I wished for a droschky, or even a caleche, to go over to the Lewinski chateau, I could have one. And the steamer, a river packet-boat, which kept up the communication by water between the Austrian province of Galacia and the western districts of Russia, was expected towards noon on Friday to call at Uezitzka on its way up stream. This would serve my purpose well enough. It was on a Wednesday night, just two weeks since my departure from the White Castle, that I took up my quarters at the sign of the Golden Lamb, in the market-place of Uezitzka. On the Thursday, then, I could visit the Chateau Lewinski, should its fair owner be still desirous to see me before I left Russia; while on Friday the boat would convey me to the Austrian borders, whence I could strike across the country towards Lemberg and Cracow, within some fifty or sixty hours of railway travelling from London itself. In compliance, accordingly, with the innkeeper's suggestion, I penned a short note to the countess, merely announcing my arrival, and requesting to be allowed to pay my respects to her before quitting the country, and before noon there was brought to me a little pink perfumed note in Pauline's dainty hand-writing. The countess thanked me for being so true to friendship as to turn out of my way to visit her, and she sincerely hoped I would dine at the chateau on that day, and indeed every day during my sojourn. "I am not alone," she said; "my cousin, Katharine Sobieski, is with me, and she is a canoness; so you see I can invite a friend without being afraid of the gossip of Uezitzka. *A ce soir, donc.*" And she added in a postscript that six was the dinner-hour, but perhaps I would not object to arrive earlier, and see the chateau, which was considered a fine old house.

I ought to have been in good spirits when I had perused this scented and prettily turned billet, but somehow I was not so. It was not merely because Lucy might not exactly have approved of my friendship with a person so fascinating as was the countess; that, of course, was all nonsense. It would be absurd to restrict one's list of friends so as to make it exclude all but the least attractive of the other sex, and I knew well enough that Countess Pauline was regarded by me with no feeling warmer than sympathy. But, without being able to account for the cause, my heart was heavy through the sunny hours that I spent in loitering beside the swirling river, or in putting down in my note-book fresh facts for the edification of Pearce and partners. Twice in the course of the day, I happened to encounter the major who had a face like a ferret; but his eye rested on me with cold indifference, and he appeared sincerely unconscious that he had ever seen me before. I began to think that he had a bad memory, and even to doubt whether he had taken any particular notice of so humble a person as myself, when we met at the White Castle.

The droschky was forthcoming at the appointed hour, and a short drive brought me to the Lewinski chateau. A fine mansion it was, with battlements and turrets in excellent repair, although a permanent structure of stone had replaced the drawbridge which had formerly spanned the wide moat. For the last two versts of my brief route, I had been traversing, so my driver told me, the Lewinski estate, and I had hardly known whether most to marvel at the natural fertility of the soil, or at the rude and slovenly appliances for cultivation which I beheld. There were patches of valuable timber sadly in want of thinning, broken fences around rich fields, multitudes of sheep with long legs and ragged fleeces, half-wild cattle, savage-looking swine, and armies of geese driven by bare-footed children armed with willow wands. The villages were untidy collections of huts, like so many Hottentot kraals; but the population had an air of well-fed and barbarous contentment, ill-clothed and ill-lodged as they might be. The mansion itself stood in a garden that was not too well kept, I daresay, but which was fragrant with a profusion of old-fashioned flowers, that grew with an unruly luxuriance that was picturesque in its way. There were plenty of liveried servants, and only too many dogs, a number of which animals, of all sizes from the toy terrier and spaniel up to the huge Hungarian wolf-hound in his spiked collar, assembled noisily to greet the stranger.

Countess Pauline, looking, as it seemed to me, lovelier than ever, though she was simply attired in black, received me with the fawn-like grace of manner which I had so often admired. With her was a little old lady with silver-gray hair, and wearing a large gold cross studded with amethysts, hanging by a velvet ribbon from her neck. "My cousin Katharine, the Canoness Sobieski," said Pauline, by way of an introduction. "She is kind enough to stay with me when I am here," she added, as the old lady smilingly acknowledged my bow: "but poor dear Katherine cannot take any share in the conversation." And indeed so it was. The canoness was stone deaf. She accompanied us, however, when I passed, under the guidance of the young countess, through the state apartments and picture-gallery, and watched me with a bright-eyed vigilance, in spite of her infirmity, which reminded me of the manner in which a sleek cat might observe the gambols of a mouse. She seemed very good-humored withal, and smiled and nodded in the most pleasant manner whenever our eyes met. She carried a small set of ivory tablets with her, and once or twice Pauline insisted on communicating to her some remark of mine, by pencilling it on a leaf of the tablets; when the old lady, still silent, would nod and smile more genially than ever.

As for the chateau itself, it was roomy, and no doubt splendid; but its magnificence was of that dreary stamp that it depresses the mind of the spectator to contemplate. There were art-treasures from Italy, precious marbles and old paintings collected by travelled ancestors of the Lewinski race. There was a fine collection of armor, and of Turkish and Tartar trophies captured in war. And there were perfect groves of family portraits; the dining hall was ornamented with the antlers of many a noble stag, and the grinning tusks of more than one wild boar; the walls of the salon were hung with faded brocade, and the furniture was gorgeous with the gilding and inlaid-work of Louis XV. upholstery. But the mansion had a damp earthy odor, as if it had been a mausoleum, rather than a house fit for the habitation of the living; and there were many signs of neglect that forced themselves upon me. Heavy cobwebs clung to the carved and gilded cornices; the ceilings were clouded with the smoke from the great cavernous fire-places; the windows were dim; and the stairs and corridors were much in need of a judicious application of soap and water.

Very likely the countess saw that I was not so much pleased with her chateau as perhaps I ought to have been, for she soon began, in her girlish way, almost to apologize for the incongruities which jarred upon my taste. "English and Polish notions," she said softly, "are so different. You must remember, Mr. Gray, that this is not my home always. There are four country-seats, all in different provinces. I cannot pretend to have my poor house in what you call such 'keeping' as you do in England. And you have no idea what Polish servants are. I love my poor country-people—they are faithful and affectionate. They would die for their master; but, ah! they will not sweep, and wash, and arrange, like your orderly English." And then she went on to tell me how she had felt quite ashamed that day, of what I must have thought as I drove through a portion of the estate on my way to the chateau. She knew well enough, she said, how barbarous everything must have seemed in my eyes. Yes, she was aware that her tenantry were semi-savages, and her property was ill-managed. How she remembered what I had told her of the trim villages, the neat school-children, the blossomed hedges, and the model farms of England! How was she, a poor little ignorant woman, to effect the necessary improvements on such an estate as hers! "Alas, it should have had an Englishman for its master!" she said in conclusion; and with a half-playful, half-mournful glance of her dark eyes, that made me involuntarily wince and change color, for the allusion really seemed a personal one. But directly afterwards she was chirping as merrily as a caged canary. Dinner was served in a mingled style of pomp and carelessness, such as might have been expected from the nature of the establishment. We ate off silver and Sevres, and with gold forks and spoons, and there were several attendants, and a display of antique plate befitting a state banquet. But there were half-a-dozen of the more favored dogs in the room; their whining requests to be fed were complied with, not only by the countess and the canoness, but by the very servants. The cooking was as eccentric as the waiting, and all sorts of wines seemed to be uncorked and poured at random into all sorts of glasses. The whole repast was a scene of confusion, and I was not sorry when it was over, and we were sipping our coffee in the drawing-room, with the cool breeze blowing through the screen of blooming jasmine that crossed the open window.

Then it was that the countess timidly asked me if I would do her a great, a very great favor; and this was the favor. She had a protege, a worthy old man, by name Peter Petrovich, and who was the brother of her late father's trusted old steward. This Peter Petrovich had been in early youth the valet of a Russian nobleman who had lived and died in France; and Peter, who was a remarkably ingenious specimen of a self-educated man, had devoted years of his life and the bulk of his modest savings to improving the manufacture of waxworks. He had indeed become one of the most expert among the makers and exhibitors of this fragile kind of statuary, and had shown his wax figures in every town in Europe. Patient industry seldom, even in so humble a sphere, goes quite unrewarded; and Peter had gradually become the owner of a competence. He was, however, no money-grubber, but a genuine enthusiast in his own line, and never so happy as when he could hear of some new mechanical contrivance to apply to his darling models. "I have known him since I was a little child," said the countess in her rich soft voice; "and I remember being quite afraid of his wax Bajazet, with a great scimitar and a turban, whom I took for Bluebeard. He is the dearest old creature, simple as truth itself, and so thoroughly earnest about his waxworks, which he believes to be superior to Canova's Venus or the Belvidere Apollo, that one has not the heart to laugh at him. He thinks his art the first in the world, and loves to relate how many royal families have patronized his show. But he is in sad tribulation now, Mr. Gray, and unless you will do him a good turn, I think his heart will be broken."

It appeared that old Peter had a son, a student at St. Petersburg, who had lately been convicted of a share in some preposterous conspiracy to proclaim a republic on the banks of the Neva, and who had, in consequence, with other juvenile reformers, been sent to cool his hot head for two years in a disciplinary regiment in the Caucasus. Poor Peter, who knew nothing and cared nothing for politics, had most unreasonably been inscribed in the black books of the Russian police, and had had his passport withdrawn. The old showman was now in Austria, with the greater portion of his peripatetic gallery; but nine of his best and choicest figures were yet on the Russian frontier, and he dared not venture from Cracow to fetch them, for fear of being detained. He was bound on a tour, professionally, through Germany, France, and England; and to leave behind nine of his cherished treasures would be bitter, indeed, to the poor and proud old proprietor. "Now," said the countess in conclusion, "I have got them all here, in the lumber-room, in charge for old Peter. There is a Napoleon, and a Mary Queen of Scots, and a Francis I., and so on, besides a wonderful breathing figure, number nine. I could send them, but they would be fingered and injured by clumsy or insolent custom-house officers, and that would be worse than all. You tell me that you intend to go up the river in the steamboat, and so on into Austria. Your luggage will be respected, and your word believed, because you are an Englishman, with a passport and proper permit to travel. I am going to be very bold, dear Mr. Gray, and to ask you to take charge of these packages for poor Peter Petrovich, and to pass them over the frontier—for my sake!"

How could I refuse? It is not in my nature to be churlish, and a man must have been obdurate indeed who could have declined to charge himself with so easy a task, at the prayer of such a suppliant. It was rather tiresome, certainly, and I felt as if it were slightly ridiculous to journey about the country with some waxworks at my heels, like a sort of amateur Jarley; but I said Yes with the best grace I could; and Pauline thanked me in her sweetest manner, and with a grateful glance of the dark eyes that could express so much. It was understood that the packages were to be awaiting me on the quay where the steamer would call; and I heard to my great relief that I should only be required to escort the waxworks as far as the Austrian frontier post of Mielnice, where old Peter had a friend, who would keep them securely till he fetched them away. A little music, a little desultory conversation, and then it was time to say good-night and good-by. Countess Pauline's hand was quite cold when she put it into mine in sign of farewell, and the soft fingers trembled perceptibly. I am afraid that I felt a little vain as I drove back to the town, looking out over the moonlit fields, and remembering that their fair owner had all but expressed in plain words her regret that I had not chosen to be her husband and the master of all this territorial wealth. I went home, fell asleep, and this time my dreams were of home and Lucy.

The steamer was almost punctual in calling at Uezitzka; and I, with my slender baggage and the nine coffin-like packing-cases containing the waxworks, and which had been brought to the water-side in a wagon from the Lewinski chateau, were duly embarked. Off we went, puffing and splashing our way up the stream, and, the engine being a powerful one, and the boat sharp in the bows and of light draught, our progress was tolerably rapid. There was but a single stopping-place left on the Russian side of the border, and when we sheered off from its ruinous wooden quay, the captain of the steamboat, himself a Galician, told me that our next halt would be at Mielnice, in Austria.

All had gone off well and agreeably. Some lean Russian douaniers had come on board, and had manifested some inquisitiveness as to the contents of the waxwork cases, but a fee of a couple of roubles, coupled with the exhibition of my papers, had caused them to doff their hats and slink ashore again. 'And see, Herr Englander,' said the skipper, pointing to a post, painted in stripes of black and yellow, that stood on a mound overtopping the flat low-lying country, while just below was a white guard-house; 'that is Austria. No, no; not Mielnice yet for an hour or more; but I mean that when we pass that post we shall be out of Russia, and in Austrian waters.' Scarcely had the words been uttered ere the sharp report of a rifle rang out through the sunny air, and the ball, dimpling the placid surface of the river, plumped into the opposite bank, while a puff of white smoke rose spirally above the willows to the right.

Before we had time to recover from our surprise at this singular greeting, forth darted from a bush-fringed creek a couple of large flat-bottomed boats, such as are used on Russian rivers, for the transport of grain and cattle, and pulled straight towards us. They were full of armed men, police mixed with soldiers; while a number of the latter, in the gray coats and flat caps of the Russian light infantry, appeared on the bank, and commenced a desultory fire, the balls whistling over our heads in a manner that was more exciting than agreeable, while an officer hoarsely shouted to us to lie to, in the emperor's name. "Confound them, I must do it, I suppose," grumbled the captain; "though what this means unless, they are all gone mad— Stop her, there, do you hear?" he added; and the engine ceased working, so that the steamer only glided slowly on, under the influence of her former momentum. The men in the boats set up a cheer, and, bending to their oars, dashed forward, while a bugle on the bank sounded the order to cease firing. By this time there was a stir in the Austrian guard-house, some hundreds of yards away, and I could see the soldiers and douaniers clustering around the black and yellow post, gazing out to see what was the occasion of the late discharge of musketry. But there was little time to take in all the details of the scene before we were boarded by the crews of the two boats, who came scrambling up the side, with a most unnecessary display of swords and fire-arms, and who, to my surprise, proved to be commanded by the ferret-faced major.

"Secure him!" said the major, pointing me out to his men; and before I had time for speech or resistance, I was clutched by three or four pair of horny hands, and my hands were bound behind me, a buff belt being tightly buckled around my wrists. "Gag him!" continued my persecutor, with a triumphant malice in his look that Iago might have envied, "if he dares to open his mouth for any other purpose than to reply, respectfully and promptly, to the interrogatory which will presently begin.

The captain of the steamer attempted to expostulate, but in vain.

"I am acting," said the major very coolly, "in compliance with law, and by the written authorization of the provincial governor. I am here to apprehend a dangerous political offender, and you know the rigor of our laws too well to attempt to screen him."

The captain shrugged his shoulders. "The Herr Major was welcome to search the boat," he said, "but it would prove a waste of time. There was no passenger on board more dangerous than a Jew peddler, or a few peasants going back from selling their cattle at market. As for the English *Milord*, he was a harmless traveller, whose papers were *viséd* and stamped by all the proper authorities, from the imperial chancellor down to the local police. The Herr Major must be under some strange mistake."

The major merely grinned, and as, in the meantime, his subordinates had mustered the crew and the few passengers, he threw a half-careless glance along the line of frightened faces and greasy caftans. "These good folks," he said, "are not the sort of game I hunt for. If the Englishman will confess—"

"Confess what?" I exclaimed, amazement almost overpowering my anger. "You talk in riddles, and I cannot pretend to guess your meaning, if you have one."

"And give up his accomplice," pursued the major imperturbably.

My indignation choked me. Twice I tried to speak, but my tongue could not utter a sound.

"Trusting to the clemency of the tribunal, which will probably be induced to listen to any reasonable plea in mitigation—"

"You are mad!" I broke out at last, too angry to keep silence any longer; or you have sworn, in your infernal malignity, to drive me into a strait-waistcoat. You well know that I am a plain, honest Englishman, whom his evil star, I think, led into your rascally country—"

"Gag him!" said the major; and gagged I was, while one of my captors, with a wicked look, pressed the muzzle of a horse-pistol hard upon my forehead, where the red round ring remained indented for days afterwards.

"What cargo have you?" the major curtly demanded.

The answer came promptly enough. There were sacks of beans; there were barrels of new tallow and bone-ash; there were hides, a thousand quintals of them, filling up the hold; there were the packs of the peddlers, my own slender luggage, and the nine cases of waxworks, on deck.

"Open the cases," said the major unconcernedly, and two or three out of the nine were forced open, with chisel and hammer. There, in one, stood Napoleon the Great, with his stars, and crosses, and jackboots; in a second, was Queen Mary; in a third, a nondescript person in a turban, and the soldiers and police began to titter and laugh, as if they thought the wonderful discovery would prove a fiasco after all.

"What is yonder case? open it!" said the major, looking more ferret-like than ever.

"Number nine," returned the captain, reading from a list which he held in his hand, "the breathing figure. Yes, open it;" and off came the lid.

Was I dreaming? Was the whole scene the ghastly deception of a nightmare, from which I should awake into the fresh healthy world? Or could it be that my eyes rested on the face of no waxwork effigy, no pink and white dummy, breathing by the aid of cunning springs and concealed clockwork, but of a living man—and that man old Zaul, the fossil collector, Zaul the hermit, Zaul the aged peasant, whom I had left far off at Ak-Volotchna! There he was, in his moujik's garb, motionless as the dead. Not for long, however. Bang, bang! went two shots from a revolver, produced and fired so suddenly, as to seem as if the deed had been performed by magical agency, and down went a policeman with a ball in his left shoulder, while the sergeant of the soldiers reeled back with a shattered arm. Darting through the gap thus made in the ring of bystanders, I could just catch a glimpse of an active figure that flung itself unhesitatingly over the steamer's side, and then came a loud splash in the water, and a shout, and a frantic outburst of execrations from those on board; and there was a rush to the gangway by which the desperate prisoner had made his bold plunge in the wild effort to escape. I, too, was borne along with the rest, and saw all.

The man was a strong swimmer. He breasted the water gallantly, striking out for the shore, and paying no attention to the warnings and curses of the enemies behind. A dozen muskets and pistols were discharged at him as by a common impulse, but he swam on unhurt. With oaths and loud cries, the Russians reloaded their arms.

"No firing! take him alive!" thundered

the major, beating down the guns with the flat of his sword; and at a word from him, several soldiers jumped into one of the boats, and rowed off to recapture the fugitive. The swimmer neared the bank, and I now heard a cheer from the excited Austrian soldiers clustered round the guard-house, and whose sympathies were plainly with the daring runaway. The boat, with its clumsy rowers, floundered awkwardly on, while the escaped prisoner swam as I had never seen a man swim, and strained every nerve to gain the shore. "Fire! cripple the hound!" bawled the major with a savage oath, "or he'll laugh at us after all!" And a perfect hail of bullets slashed and hissed around the fugitive; but, as if he bore a charmed life, he pushed on unhurt. I saw him struggle up the bank, under a heavy fire, and stand on firm ground. The Austrians set up a loud hurza! With them he would be safe. With one disdainful glance back at his foes, he started off at the pace of a hunted deer across the meadow. Five minutes' running, and he would be safe. Ah! no; for out from amongst the alder trees near the bank there started suddenly some seven or eight Russian soldiers, who had lain in ambush, and who flung themselves forward upon his path so quickly that he was cut off, hemmed in, and after a brief scuffle, overpowered, pinioned, and led back to where the boat now awaited him. Dripping, bleeding, and bound, but undismayed, the captive was brought on board the steamer, and set before the major, whose ferret face was now radiant with exultation.

But what was my surprise when a policeman plucked away the false white hair and bushy beard, revealing to view, not the grotesque visage of old Zaul, but the handsome face of a soldierly young man, whose dark eyes were no longer concealed behind a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles, and who gazed undauntedly upon his triumphant enemy, as he said, with a defiant laugh: "So—you win the game, monsieur. My return victory will perhaps come later!"

"No, count, I think not," returned the Russian major grimly; "you have baffled us many a time and oft, and I make you my compliments. But this time the cage-door will close better on a bird of so truant a humor. It will puzzle even you, Count Demetrius Lewinski, with all the help of your pretty wife and of your English confederate, to get clear from Siberia."

This, then, was the key to the enigma. But for the reserve of my noble hosts at Akvoletchna, and perhaps for my own self-confidence, I might probably have learned, while still at the White Castle, that the Countess Pauline was no widow, as I had believed, but the wife of a man who was banned and hunted throughout Russia as a political offender. From his boyhood upwards, Count Lewinski had been one of the most restless and daring of those Polish conspirators, whose restless intrigues perpetually undermine the foundations of the great empire of the north. His history was one of exile, of imprisonment, of escapes and disguises unnumbered, of the capricious levity, and more capricious severity, of the Russian government towards one whom the czar would willingly have conciliated, but whom no cajolery could conquer, no harshness subdue. In the character of old Zaul he had lurked unsuspected for many months in the recesses of the Ural, directing the organized efforts of the Polish military conspirators, until at last the treachery of some subordinate agent had given up the threads of the plot, and the liberty of the plotter, to the authorities of St. Petersburg.

I was for two months in the prison at Mohilev in solitary confinement, almost daily brought before, now a military commandant, now a civil judge, and exhorted, with threats, promises, and persuasion, to "tell all I knew," and to give up my supposed accomplices, until I began to misdoubt my own identity, and to half-believe that my own existence had been devoted to some mysterious intrigues against the emperor and the orthodox faith. I had, however, been permitted, at my own urgent entreaty, to write to Prince Theodore Galitzin; and his kindly intercession presently procured my release. "The countess," so said his letter, which was delivered to me at the joyful period of my liberation, "owns that she did not trust you quite well. Now that her unlucky husband is fairly on his way to Toboisk, she has been brought to admit frankly that you were merely a blind instrument, on whose help she relied to smuggle the count, with whom she was, of course, in constant communication, safely over the Austrian frontiers. I hope, my young friend, that this will be a lesson to you," &c.

It *was* a lesson to me. I have done with Russia and sentimental Polish beauties forever, and I am happy to say that I have now for some time past been a partner in the thriving firm of Pearce & Co., and that Lucy is my wife.

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jan14-1t&cow

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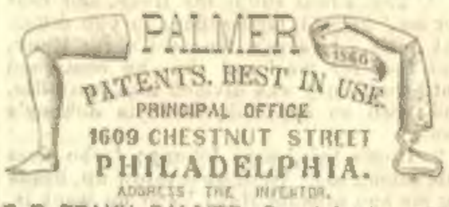

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Hardly Fair.

Doubtless many have heard the story of the young man who applied to Dean Richmond for a position as conductor on the New York Central Railroad, and was asked if he had a gold watch, diamond breastpin and some other similar trinkets. When he replied in the negative, Dean emphatically declined his services, saying:

"All our conductors are supplied with these articles, and we do not wish to stand any new expenses in that line."

This reminds an exchange of a story told with great gusto by a jovial friend in New York, since gone to his last account. "Many years ago," he used to say, "Hank Miller was the great Omnibus King of New York—that was before street cars were known, and Hank's busses were going on all the principal lines. He was a good-natured man, quiet, and full of fun. The drivers of the busses were cashiers, too; received the passengers' money, made change, and at night handed over the day's receipts. One evening Hank was inspecting the stalls of one of the stables, when Johnny Derrick, a well-known driver, and as shrewd a fellow as ever cracked a whip, came in, and, without noticing Hank emptied his pocket into the next stall, and commenced to make up his account.

"'That's four shil'n for Hank, and four for me,' he said, laying them in two different piles. 'There's four shil'n for Hank, and four for me;' and thus he continued until the money was divided into two piles, and with an odd half dollar in Johnny's hand.

"'How's this,' says Johnny; 'who does this belong to? Well, we'll throw up, heads for me and tails for Hank,' and up went it.

"'Tails, by jing!' he exclaimed; 'sh, but that wasn't fair, we'll try it again,' and up it went once more.

"'Heads! I thought it was mine!' and with a satisfied air he pocketed his share, and started for the office to make his return. Hank took a short cut, and when Johnny entered, was behind the counter ready to receive his money.

"'Good-even'n,' said Johnny, touching his hat to Hank as he laid the money down on the counter.

"'That's all right, Johnny,' said Hank, quietly, 'we don't need your services any more.'

"'Eh! how's that? What's the matter, Mr. Miller?' exclaimed the astonished John.

"'Well, I don't think you treated me exactly fair,' Hank dryly replied; 'you ought to have given me another chance for that four shil'n.'"

Built Him a Fire.

Ferrin, the landlord of the Westminster Hotel in New York, is not often nonplussed, but last August a dapper little Frenchman staggered him for a moment. Walking up to the office, he accosted Ferrin with:

"If you please, Monsieur, you shall send bill de fire in my room."

"A what!" said Ferrin, looking at the thermometer which indicated ninety-two degrees.

"I wish se bill de fire in my apartment," repeated the Frenchman.

"All right, sir," said Ferrin, with that outward imperturbability with which the true hotel-keeper receives an order for anything, if it be gold-dust pudding with diamond plums. "John! fire in ten thousand and one."

"Yes, sur-r-r!" said John, and by the time the Frenchman had arrived at his room, John, with perspiration pouring off of him, had the grate filled and a blaze rearing up the chimney like mad.

"Vat se diable you do?" said the astonished foreigner.

"Built a fire, sir, as ye ordered," replied the other exile.

"Fire be tam," said the Frenchman. "I shall rost myself wis se heat," and, rushing down stairs, he appeared at the office with inflamed face and moistened shirt collar, exclaiming: "I ask you not for se fire; what, think I wish to make myself more hot, eh? I call for bill de fire—se bill, se carte, so I can eat myself wis my dinare."

"Bill of fare, sh, yes, sir," said Ferrin. "I beg your pardon," and he politely passed out the programme for the day, but deputed one of the garcons of the restaurant to answer any further orders from the subject of Napoleon.

Scissors.

A Northern school-teacher taught a colored school in Danville, N. C., where she had a favorite named Judy among her dusky pupils. She gave an exhibition at which she wished to show off Judy's attainments in spelling. The following scene then took place:

"Judy, spell scissors."

Judy—"S-i-s-s-u-r-s, scissors."

"Now, you know that you are not trying. Try again."

Judy—"S-i-s-s-u-r-s, scissors."

"Now, Judy, you are just attempting to provoke me. Try again."

Judy—"S-i-z z-u-r-s, scissors."

"You obstinate girl. You know better than that."

Judy—"Ky, how I's know better? If s-i-z-z-u-r-s don't spell scissors, what do it spell?"

Giving Them the Benefit.

In the early stages of his ministry the celebrated Dr. Strong, of Hartford, Connecticut, preached some time in a neighboring village. One day a committee called upon him to settle with him for his services, and, after stammering awhile, signified to him that his further services were not desired.

"What does this mean, gentlemen?" asked the Doctor.

"Why," replied the spokesman, with some hesitation, "the people have got the impression that you are inclining to universal salvation."

"Gentlemen," answered the Doctor, "I never have preached that doctrine; but if I ever should, I promise to make the people of this town an exception."

Take Thy Pil—.

A gentlemen of the old school thus describes the rendering of a well-known hymn by a modern fashionable choir:—Firstly, the soprano, in a soaring leap, sings, "Take thy pil"—followed by the alto and tenor in duet with like advice (while the soprano is magnificently holding on to the "pil"), and as the deep base profoundly echoes the same, "Take thy pil"—they finally unite and repeat together eventually succeeding in singing "Take thy pilgrim to his home," &c., greatly to the relief of both minister and people, who seem alike awfully impressed with the suggestive advice so empatically reiterated.

MAMMA.—"Look here, George. Here's a nice pudding. Will you be a good boy now, and come and have some?"

GEORGE (who has been put in the corner for misbehavior.)—"What sort o' puddin' is it, ma?!!

THE FUTURE.

When another life is added
To the heaving, turbid mass;
When another breath of being
Stains Creation's tarnished glass;
When a low voice, weak and tremulous,
Heralds long-enduring pain,
And a soul from non-existence
Springs which shall ne'er die again;
When the mother's passionate welcome,
Sorrow-like bursts forth in tears,
And the sire's self-gratulation
Prophesies of future years,
It is well we cannot see
What the end shall be.

When the boy, upon the threshold
Of his all-comprising home,
Puts aside the arms maternal
That unlock him ere he roam;
When the canvas of his vessel
Flutters to the favoring gale,
Years of solitary exile
Hid behind her sunny sail;
When his pulses beat with ardor,
And his sinews stretch for toil,
And a hundred bold emprises
Lure him to that Eastern soil,
It is well we cannot see
What the end may be.

When the youth beside the maiden
Looks into her credulous eyes,
And the heart upon the surface
Shines too happy to be wise:
He, by speeches less than gestures,
Hinteth what her hopes expound,
Laying out the waste hereafter
Like enchanted garden ground!
He may falter—so may many,
She may suffer—so must all,
Both may yet, world disappointed,
This last hour of love recall.
It is well we cannot see
What the end may be.

When before religion's altar
Stands the expectant bridal pair,
And the vow that lasts till dying
Vibrates on the sacred air;
When man's lavish protestations
Doubts of after change defy,
Comforting the frailer spirit,
Bound his *servitor* for aye;
When beneath love's silver moonbeams
Many rocks in shadows sleep
Undiscovered till a wreck
Reveals the dangers of the deep,
It is well we cannot see
What the end shall be.

Have You Seen My Camel?

Saadi was taking his evening stroll toward the gardens outside of Shiraz, when his attention was drawn to a plot of clover which had been eaten all round the edges and the centre left. Seeing by the footprints that it had been a camel grazing, he commenced thinking why it had not eaten into the centre. He at last came to the conclusion that the camel must have been blind of one eye. On going round the corner of the plot, he found that it had there been unloaded. Noticing where the animal had kneeled while his load was removed, he saw on one side a lot of "maggus," large flies, and on the other a lot of smaller ones, "pasha." After thinking for some time what could be the cause of these two sorts of flies accumulating, he concluded that one side of the load had been meat and the other side sugar. Seeing near the spot the imprints of a woman's shoes, and also the marks of her hands, he concluded that she had been a stout woman, and had put her hands on the ground to assist her in rising. With this he moved on. Presently he was overtaken by a man who inquired if he had seen a camel. Saadi said:

"Had it only one eye?"

The man answered, "By the beard of the Prophet, you are right."

"And it was loaded part meat and part sugar?"

"As I am your sacrifice you are right."

"And had a stout woman with it?"

"By the holy Kehla, it had."

"Well," said Saadi, "I have seen nothing of your camel."

At which the fellow got in a passion and beat Saadi with a stick, asking him how it was possible to describe the camel and its appurtenances so correctly if he had not seen it. Ever after this, Sheik Saadi advised his friends not to prevaricate, as they might get thrashed for their pains. It is also a standing saying used in the following manner: If a person wishes another to keep a secret, he asks him, "Have you seen my camel?" If the person intends to say nothing about what he knows, he answers, "I have not even seen its foot marks."

ALDERMAN G——, "What is that, Homily? Read that again, dear."

EMILY.—"By a wonderful provision of nature, the camel is enabled to take a great supply of food, having been provided for that purpose with three stomachs."

ALDERMAN G——, "Wonderful provision of nature! I should think it was! Three stomachs; and for a camel—and we have only one!"

The History of a Rag Carpet.

A contributor to the Toledo Blade having set forth the advantages of a rag carpet, "Jane Brandon" gives the other side of the story:

I was the only girl in a family of six, as poor as poverty and as proud as Lucifer. We, that is mother and I, wanted a carpet, and we concluded to make a rag carpet, the boys agreed to help us and we went to work. We saved and washed, dried, cut and sewed for four mortal years. Sometimes the boys would say they would out no more, but after a brief season of repentance they invariably returned to the charge. Mother's hands were blistered, mine were blistered, the boys blistered theirs, and then father took up the shears, but he soon gave it up, saying that "the tarnal thing would cost more than it would be worth." The rags were all cut, sewed, colored and wound into balls at last. Aunt Dolly spun the warp of wool from our pet lamb's back, and wove the carpet. It looked well enough and we had enough to cover the parlor floor and the best bedroom—about forty yards in all.

While we were tacking down the carpet one of the neighbor's girls came in, and after praising our carpet said:

"We have got a new carpet."

"When did you make it?" mother asked.

"Oh! we didn't make it, it is a boughten carpet."

"We couldn't afford a boughten carpet," replied mother. "They cost so much."

"Ours only cost two dollars a yard, and it's real nice; we girls braided for it and it only took us a year."

Mother looked at me and I looked at mother, neither of us spoke but our looks spoke a whole library. Mary Jones and her sisters had earned a carpet worth twice as much as ours in a year by braiding palm leaf hats at thirteen cents a piece. When the last tack had been driven into its place we rose from our knees sadder and wiser women.

A Sensible Resolve.

"Did you ever hear, sir, how it was that Edwards, the mason, gave up drinking?" said a workman to my father, one day, when he was talking to him about the evils of intemperance.

"No," said my father, "how was it?"

"Well, one day Edwards was drinking in a public house, when the landlord's wife came to call her husband to dinner.

"'What's for dinner?' said the man.

"'Roast goose,' replied his wife.

"'Is there apple-sauce?' he asked.

"'No' she answered.

"'Well, go and make some; I won't eat goose without apple-sauce.'

"When the woman had left the room to prepare this delicacy, Edwards was so impressed by the scene he had witnessed, that for the first time in his life he began to think what a fool he had been.

"'Here's this man,' said he to himself, can't eat his dinner of roast goose without apple-sauce, while my poor wife and children at home are glad to get a herring for their dinners, and very often can't even have that. Whose money, I should like to know, goes to provide this fellow's good things? Mine, and that of other poor fools like me. Well, what's done can't be undone. It's no use crying over spilt milk, but that fellow shan't dine off roast goose again at my expense.' So he paid his reckoning, and walked out of that public-house never to enter it again."

The same thing is going on in thousands of public-houses all over the country—the landlord and his wife and children feasting on the best of everything, and the poor tipsy men who pay for it having scarcely enough to keep themselves from starving.

Cool as an Iceberg.

One day a gentleman, apparently, in appearance and manners, entered the office of the Illinois Central Railroad agency in New Orleans, and inquired of the agent if he could furnish him with a city directory.

"Certainly, sir!" replied the courteous agent, at the same time laying before his visitor an elegantly bound volume of the book in question.

The leaves were turned over and the address assiduously sought; but what was the owner's surprise to see the man deliberately take his penknife and cut the address out of the book, and, with a polite "Thank you," turn to depart.

"Stay, my friend," said the agent, "wouldn't you like to take the book along with you? it is quite at your service."

"Oh, no; but with your permission I'll take another leaf—that containing an address I desire."

And without more ado he departed, with the extra leaf fluttering in his hand.

This certainly was as cool a piece of impudence as one meets with every day.

☞ "What have you to remark, madam, about my singing?" said a gentleman to a lady. "Nothing, sir," replied the lady. "It is not remarkable."

AGRICULTURAL.

Large Farming.

E. W. Stewart gives an account of the extensive farming of John T. Alexander of Illinois, who cultivates some 30,000 acres. One cornfield was twelve miles long, and from one-half to a mile wide, containing 5,500 acres. Standing on a corn crib, the eye could see over five miles of corn in opposite directions. A little boy visited this farm with his father, and after riding miles and miles, he became thoroughly tired, and exclaimed, "Pa, let's go home—I don't want to see no more corn, never!" During spring 85 ploughs were run constantly to plough it; 15 planting machines put in the seed; and 20 cultivators dressed the rows. This field yielded 220,000 bushels, or 40 bushels per acre. A meadow of 2,500 acres of timothy and blue grass, yields 3,000 tons of hay. Fifteen machines are run in mowing it, and horse-forks stack it. Timothy for seed is cut with a header, cutting ten feet wide, and 400 acres yield 1,500 bushels. There are 6,000 acres of prairie pasture, and 12,000 seeded to timothy, blue grass and clover—carrying about 4,000 head of cattle. An Osage orange hedge encloses 27,000 acres, and several intersect the farm, making a total length of hedge equal to 130 miles. There are 80 miles of board fence on the farm.—*Rural New Yorker.*

How to Make Farm Life Attractive.

1. By less hard work. Farmers often undertake more than they can *do* well, and consequently work too early and too late.

2. By more system. Farmers should have a time to begin and stop labor. They should put more mind and machinery into their work. They should theorize as well as practice, and let both go together. Farming is healthy, moral, and respectable; and, in the long run, may be made profitable. The farmers should keep good stock, and out of debt.

3. By taking care of health. Farmers have a healthy variety of exercise, but too often neglect cleanliness, eat irregularly and hurriedly, sleep in ill-ventilated apartments; and expose themselves needlessly to cold.

4. By adorning the home. Books, papers, pictures, music, and reading, should all be brought to bear upon the in-door family entertainments; and neatness and comfort, order, shrubbery, flowers, and fruits should harmonize all without. There would be fewer desertions of old homesteads if pains were taken to make them agreeable. Ease, order, health, and beauty, are compatible with farm life, and were ordained to go with it.

Farm Items.

—A contributor broaches the theory that trees bend toward the east; and that in transplanting them, care should be taken to set them in the same position relative to the points of compass, that they had before transplanting. He thinks a neglect to do so may account for the great number of stunted or dead trees that are found among those transplanted.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

—An implement maker in France has constructed a plough which lifts beets or turnips from the ground, and throws them aside from the swinging mould board. The plants are then topped by women who follow the plough. One of these ploughs, worked by a man and a pair of horses, will take out two and one-half acres of bulbs or roots in a day.

—Every prudent farmer will avail himself of the comparative leisure of winter, to put every vehicle and implement in complete repair.

—Don't live another year without a tool room. It will save hours of vexatious search for forks and shovels, that should be ready without a moment's delay.

Feeding on the Road.

Many persons in travelling feed their horses too much and too often, continually stuffing them, not allowing them time to rest and digest their food; of course they suffer from over-fullness and carrying unnecessary weight. Horses should be well fed in the evening and not stuffed too full in the morning, and the travelling should be moderate on starting with a horse with a full stomach.

If a horse starts in good condition, he can go twenty or twenty-five miles without feeding. This is evident, when we consider the time necessary to accomplish this space with tolerable speed. On the contrary, with a heavy load and a bad road, a horse would only go eight or ten miles in that time. Why cannot horses travel half a day without eating, as well as work that time on a farm? If there be more exertion on the road, it is a reason against frequent feeding at that time.—*American Veterinarian.*

Interesting Experiments.

A recent work of science gives the following novel experiment, which settles a question of some importance in philosophy.

Two hundred pounds weight of earth was dried in an oven, and afterwards was put into an earthen vessel. The earth was then moistened with rain water, and a willow tree, weighing five hundred pounds, was placed therein. During the five years the earth was watered with rain or pure water; the willow grew and flourished—and to prevent mixing with fresh earth and dust from some source, it was covered with a metal plate, numerously perforated to admit air only. After growing in the air five years, the tree was removed and found to weigh one hundred and sixty-nine pounds more, and the earth in the vessel being removed, dried, and weighed, found to have lost only about two ounces of its original. Thus one hundred and sixty-nine pounds of woody fibre, bark, and roots were produced; but from what source? Air and water.

Chinese Method of Preserving Grapes.

Travellers inform us that the Chinese have a method of preserving grapes, so as to have them at their command during the entire year; and a recent author gives us the following account of the method adopted: It consists in cutting a circular piece out of a ripe pumpkin or gourd, making an aperture large enough to admit the hand. The interior is then completely cleaned out, the ripe grapes are placed inside, and the cover replaced and pressed in firmly. The pumpkins are then kept in a cool place—and the grapes will be found to retain their freshness for a very long time. We are told that a very careful selection must be made of the pumpkin, the common field pumpkin, however, being well adapted for the purpose in question.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 32 letters.
My 18, 14, 10, 29, is one of the United States.
My 11, 24, 7, is a county in Iowa.
My 28, 27, 31, 13, 1, 26, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 25, 20, 6, 16, 32, is a county in Indiana.
My 13, 15, 23, 13, is a county in Texas.
My 19, 22, 17, 8, 18, 2, 11, 7, is a city in South America.
My 21, 29, 7, 4, 23, is a town in South America.
My 28, 3, 5, 30, 9, is a county in Tennessee.
My whole is the motto of one of the United States.

Pompeii, Mich. IDA L. PALMER.

Rebus.

A character in Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice."
The sword of Lancelot of the Lake.
The title of a famous old English ballad.
A French measure.
A province in the northern part of France.
The god of the sea.
An Athenian lawgiver.
A character in Dickens's "Pickwick Papers."
A name commonly given to Palestine.
A volcano in Sicily.
A poetical name of Venice.
A city in Scotland.
A Greek divinity.
A country in Europe.
A character in Dickens's novel, "Nicholas Nickleby."
A city in the northern part of Africa.
A story of the Arabian Nights.
A city in India.
A well known bird.
My initials form the title of a well known nursery tale. ROB ROY.

Riddle.

Archbishop Whately is said to have written the following riddle, and offered in vain fifty pounds to any one who would guess it:

When from the Ark's capacious round
The world came forth in pairs,
Who was it that first heard the sound
Of boots upon the stairs?

An ingenious correspondent of London Once a Week offers this as a solution:

To him who cons the matter o'er
A little thought reveals,
He heard it first who went before
Two pairs of soles and 'eels.

Probability Problem.

If a die be laid at random on a penny whose diameter is equal to a diagonal of the face of the die, what is the probability that the die will not fall off?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.
McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

Problem.

The sum of ⅓ of A's, plus ¼ of B's, and ⅕ of C's money amounts to $97.96; the sum of ⅓ of B's, plus ¼ of C's, and ⅕ of D's money amounts to $118.70; the sum of ⅓ of C's, plus the ¼ of D's, and ⅕ of A's money amounts to $108.58; and the sum of ⅓ of D's, plus the ¼ of A's, and ⅕ of B's money amounts to $114.04. What was each man's money?

PETER PLAIN.

Conundrums.

MUSICAL.—What is a star? Almost any remark one singer makes about another.

What is a rest? Going out of the choir for refreshment during sermon time.

What is singing with an understanding? Marking time on the floor with your foot.

What is a symphony? Flirting with the soprano singer behind the organ.

What is a staccato movement? Leaving the choir in a huff when one is dissatisfied with the organist.

What is a swell? A professor of music who pretends to know all about the science, while he cannot conceal his ignorance.

What is a turn? When one singer is discharged to make room for another.

How do you produce a discord? By praising one lady's singing at the expense of a rival who overhears you.

What is a pause? When the organ boy gets asleep when the choir is ready to sing.

What is a flat? A singer who supposes himself or herself indispensable to the success of the choir.

How to secure a quartette. Get two good-looking unmarried gentlemen for basso and tenor, and there will be no trouble in securing soprano and alto.

Answers to Last.

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.—And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me. RIDDLE.—The letter A. RIDDLE.—Anna.

RECEIPTS.

APPLE SLUM.—Pare good cooking apples, put in an earthen dish with sugar, butter, and water enough for juice. Make a paste as for biscuit, only thin enough to spread easily with a spoon. Spread over the apples and bake half an hour. Berries and prunes may be used instead of apples, and make an equally palatable dish. Serve with a nice sauce.

FRUIT CAKE.—One pound of flour, one of sugar, one of butter, twelve eggs, two pounds of currants, two of raisins, one of citron, lemon, nutmeg, and mace to taste. Beat it very light. The fruit should be floured and stirred in last, and more flour added if necessary. Bake in one large pan in a steady, well-heated oven four or five hours, letting it cool gradually in the oven. When perfectly cold, it may be frosted.

TO REMOVE MARKS FROM TABLES.—Hot dishes sometimes leave whitish marks on varnished tables when set, as they should not be, carelessly upon them. To remove it, pour some lamp-oil on the spot and rub it hard with a soft cloth. Then pour on a little spirits and rub it dry with another cloth, and the white mark will disappear, leaving the table as bright as before.

CHEAP TEMPERANCE MINCE-PIES.—Take of boiled beef, chopped fine and salted, one pint; apples, chopped fine, one quart; butter or suet, one teacupful; one teacup sugar, one pint each of boiled cider and water. Stew all together until the apples are done. When cold add one pint of canned or stewed blackberries or raspberries, one teaspoonful of pepper, one of cloves, two of cinnamon and two of allspice.

PIE-CRUST.—Rub fine in flour one cup of lard, salt and mix with two cups of cold water.